HN BULL, MAY 11, 1929
WOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1195.
Vol. XLV.

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The Real Danger

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RECOMMENDED BY 18,000 MEDICAL MEN

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Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

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A WELL-PAID AGENCY is offered to men who can collect accounts and introduce new customers for our famous Double Wear Boots, Suits, Costumes, Bedding, etc. Experienced Canvassers and men with spare time in every town and village are invited to write for particulars to Masters, Ltd., Rye, Sussex. Est. 1869.

30/- FREE.—Appointments open for Agents to run Clubs for Footwear, Clothing, Household Goods, etc. Present employment not interfered with. Write for details.—MAXIMUM CLUB, 112, Maximum Works, NORTHAMPTON.

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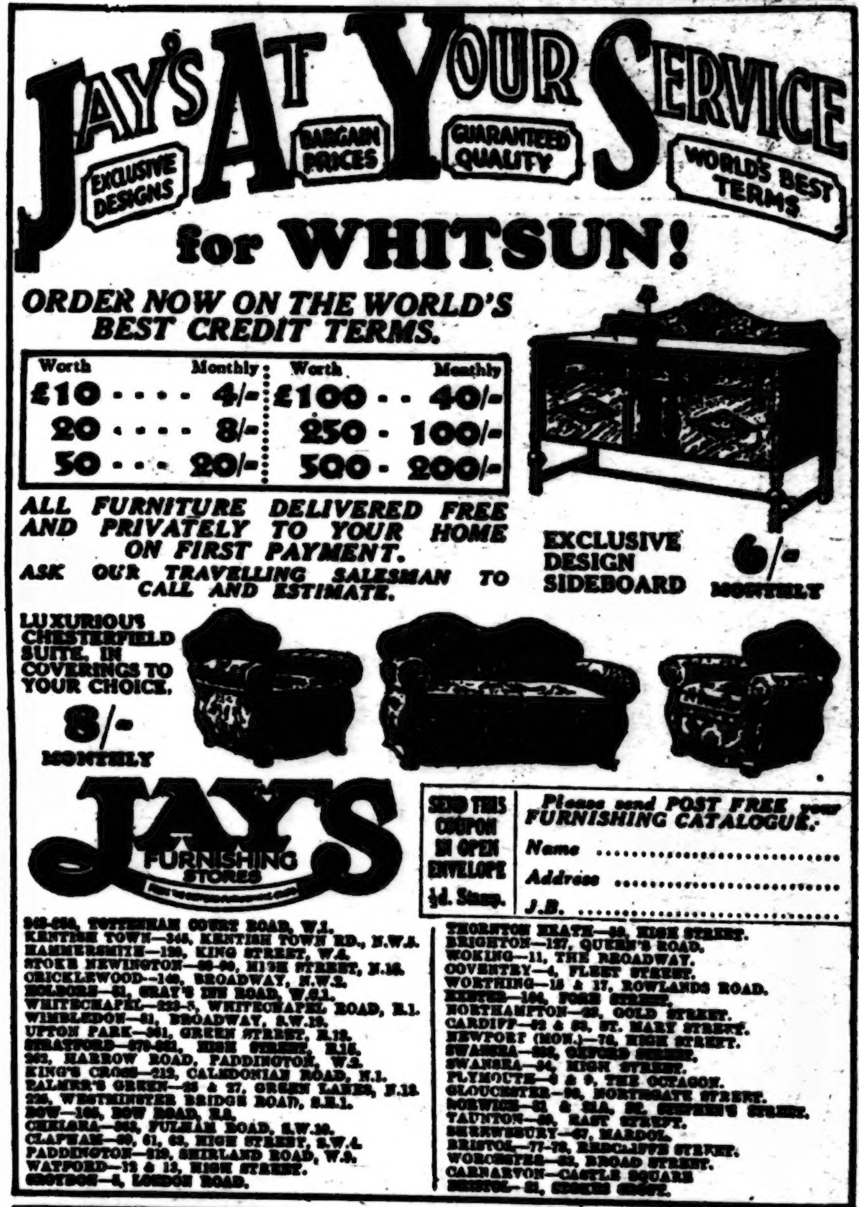

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SUFFERERS from CATARRH will be in terested in the ELMER SHIRLEY advt. appear on page 30.

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FREE.—Do not miss the Free Sample off Shredded Wheat on page 31.

READERS' attention is drawn to the BROSE WILSON Bargain Offers on page

NURSING MOTHERS can apply to NESTL Infant Welfare Dept. for full particulars ing NESTLE'S MILK FOOD. Full address pears in the advt. on page 29. Be sure to tion John Bull when replying.

SEND for the Free Catalogue describing wonderful MIDLAND FURNITURE offered out a first monthly payment. Be sure to turn the advt. on page 55 now.

THE JUNO CYCLE CO. offer a free List page 52. Be sure to mention *John Bull* wh replying.

SEND at once for free List of SELFRIDG CYCLES. Mention *John Bull*. See page 38.

WRITE for wonderful Catalogue "W." free, offered in the WHITELEY CYCLE on page 23.

MEADS offer free Catalogue in the advt. page 31.

FREE.—£500 in prizes for "Limerick" lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd £20; 3rd prize, £10; and other prizes best last line to the limerick appearing advt. on page 27. Write your last line paper and attach the small label from a of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese, or a label "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note closing date, which is Friday, May 17. your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark entry. Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. Trowbridge, Wilts.

FREE.—A special scheme of free gifts with free folder will be sent to readers filling in coupon in the AMAMI advt. on page 25. mother, who has a daughter, a niece, or interested in a neighbour's daughter, should send for the free coupon NOW and men *John Bull* when replying.

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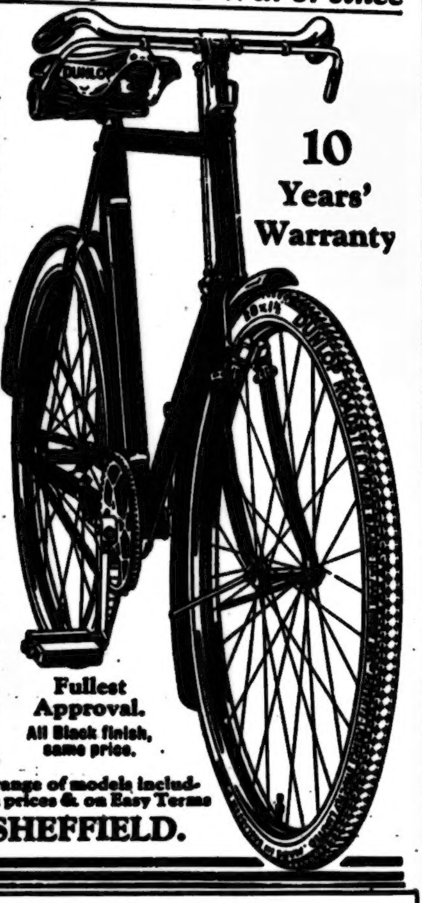

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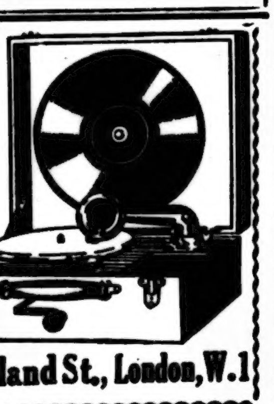

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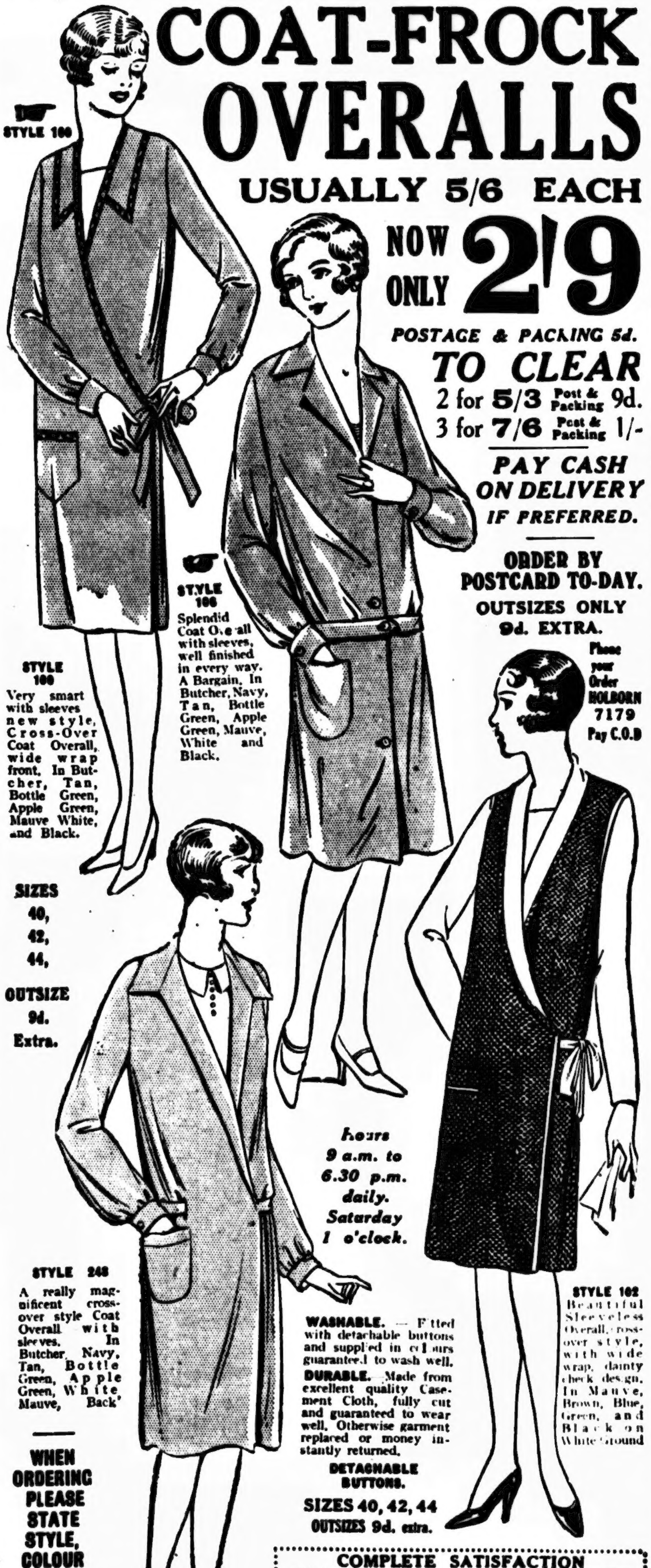

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A really magnificent cross-over style Coat Overall with sleeves. In Butcher, Navy, Tan, Bottle Green, Apple Green, White, Mauve, Back'

STYLE 102
Beautiful Sleeveless Overall, cross-over style, with wide wrap, dainty check design, In Mauve, Brown, Blue, Green, and Black on White Ground

WASHABLE. — Fitted with detachable buttons and supplied in colours guaranteed to wash well.
DURABLE. Made from excellent quality Casement Cloth, fully cut and guaranteed to wear well. Otherwise garment replaced or money instantly returned.

DETACHABLE BUTTONS.

SIZES 40, 42, 44
OUTSIZES 9d. extra.

WHEN ORDERING PLEASE STATE STYLE, COLOUR AND SIZE REQUIRED.

AMAZING BARGAINS

COMPLETE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED WITHOUT QUESTION.

Order To-day. Write, Call or 'Phone Holborn 7179

JAMES MARTIN & SONS
(Dept. 889).
324/325. HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1

JOHN BULLS SQUARE & FAIR CROSSWORD

£500 MUST BE WON

ENTRANCE FEE 6d FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

QUICK RESULTS

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL

Only One Sixpenny Double Entry Allowed from Each Competitor.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) MAY 16TH.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, MAY 23rd.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, MAY 30th.

QUICKER RESULTS! EASIER THAN EVER! NO CLAIMS REQUIRED!

RESULT of John Bull X-word No. 9 appears on this page.

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of "John Bull" Crossword No. 12 which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (Noon), May 16th. No entries for this competition accepted afterwards. Post Early!

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 12),
57, Long Acre,
London W.C.2 (Comp.).

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, May 16th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 30th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner, may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, June 4th, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:—

The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Form and number of Postal Order.

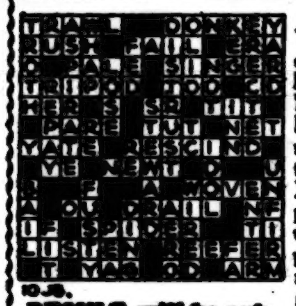
11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 10.



10JB.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 10 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

RESULT will be published NEXT WEEK

CLUES ACROSS

1. Pierced.
7. Greater.
10. Sweet stuff.
12. Liquer.
13. Silly laugh.
14. Equip.
15. Pertaining to the ear.
16. Heroic.
17. A stake.
18. To haul.
19. Marsh plants.
22. Swine.
23. Danger.
25. Lineal measure.
28. Happy.
29. Irritates.
30. Animal.
32. Dirt.
33. Chasm.
38. Pertaining to the lips.
40. Low ground.
41. Scarce.
43. Quick look.
44. Space.
48. Useless.
49. A fanatic.
50. Remuneration.
51. Journalist.
52. Message.

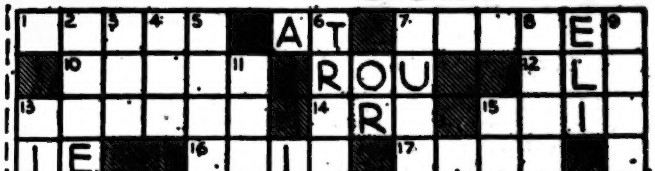
CLUES DOWN

2. Kind of willow.
3. Pull.
4. Urge.
5. A valley
6. A mark left.
7. Swellings.
8. Entrance.
9. To rebound.
11. Censure.
13. My —— Aunt!
15. Senior.
20. Waste time.
21. Broad.
23. A journey.
24. Emitting smoke.
26. Highest point.
27. River fish.
31. Sank.
34. Fresh water fish.
35. Idler.
36. Nape of the neck.
37. Rough edged.
39. Talk.
42. Feverish disease.
45. State.
46. Beverage.
47. The present.

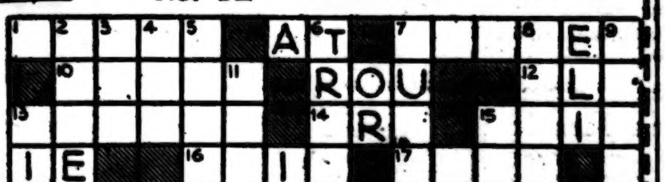
Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

—CUT HERE—

ENTRY FORM "A" **JOHN BULL** CROSSWORD No. 12 ENTRY FORM "B"



12JB



12JB

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No. ____________

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) MAY 16th.

ANOTHER BIG CROSSWORD PRIZE NEXT WEEK!

BILIOUSNESS QUICKLY RELIEVED

A coated tongue, sour acid stomach, dull aching head. One or two Carter's Little Liver Pills will quickly cleanse the system. A doctor's prescription, they can be given to any member of the family. Chemists, 1/3 & 3/- phials.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

7/- NOW

THIS lovely man-tailored Costume in the most fashionable Herringbone Suiting is offered at the keenest price, and on the easiest terms ever made for a Lady's Suit of this exceptional quality

ASCOT This handsome Costume is produced in the newest Herringbone Suiting of exquisite quality, and is beautifully man tailored. It is the last word in style, and sets a standard which defies competition. The Coat is richly lined with artificial silk, and great care is taken to ensure perfect cut and fit. The garment is slightly semi-fitting, with tastefully shaped collar and lapels, and the finish is excellent throughout. The skirt is made in the wrap-over style, a three inch wrap being securely stitched from the opening to the hem. The waistbelt is of self material. Shades: New Brown, Navy, and Black. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. and O.S. Skirt Lengths: 24, 26, 28, 30 & 32ins. Price 49/-

PATTERNS POST FREE.

[illegible] Our Bargain Price is for deferred payments. Send 7/- now and complete purchase in 6 monthly payments of 7/- if satisfied. Fullest approval in your own home.

WHEN ORDERING be sure to state the correct Size, Length and Colour required, and give your correct Bust measurement.

WRITE FOR FASHION CATALOGUE

Full Range of Fashionable Coats, Two & Three Piece Suits, Costumes, Frocks, Furs, Raincoats, &c.

Patterns Post Free. State Patterns Required. All at the Keenest Prices, and on Easy Terms

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

£500 AWARDED in "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 9.

NO correct solution was received for "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 9. The following readers sent in solutions containing one error only and to each of these, subject to the conditions of the competition, a cheque for £71 8s. 7d. will be dispatched:

Miss M. Cairns, 8, George Street, Burnbank, Lanarks.
Mrs. I. Cameron, 64, Abbotsford Place, Glasgow, C.5.
Mrs. Hale, 13, Lower Church Street, Pontrhydyfen, S. Wales.
G. Hartnett, 4, Davitt Street, Limerick, Ireland.
J. Palmer, Buckland Knowl, Betchworth, Surrey.
W. Simmons, 3, Fairbourne Road, Tottenham, N.17.
A. Whitworth, 67, Crete Street, Oldham, Lancs.

Another £500 X-Word appears on this page. TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

ay for your WHITSUN SUIT as you wear it and be UITED & SATISFIED

h Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN ASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. De- red on payment of first instalment of 7/- then pay 7/- thly until you paid in all **52/6**

rcoats from 39/6. Also in better quali- d Dinner Jacket suits £4 4 0, all made asure on similar easy terms. Money nded if unsatisfactory. Write or for patterns, Style Book and Self-Measure- t Form to:— Established 1901.

B. THORNE & Co
Langham St., London, W.1.
Y CITY BRANCH: Empire House (1st r), St. Martin's-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.)

ASTOUNDING BARGAIN
SPECIAL CLEARANCE OF FLOOR COVERING
72 SQ. FT. for 15/-
SAMPLES FREE

DAMP PROOF & ROT PROOF

THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 72 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
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AMAZING VALUE !

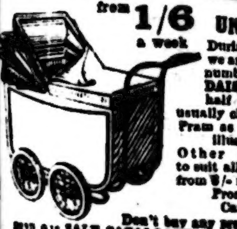
BOYS' FLANNEL SUITS 4/9

Boys' 2-piece Mid-Grey and Blue Flannel Knicker Suits. To fit boys 3 to 11 yrs. 4/9. Post 6d. With 3 pockets in jacket and hip pockets in shorts.
To fit boys 12 to 14 yrs. 5/9. Post 6d. Also boys' reliable quality Grey or Cream Winceyette Shirts, with collar and pocket attached. All sizes to fit Boys of 4 to 14 yrs. 2/6. Post 3d.
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded in full without question.

HOLLY'S
Boys' Wear Specialists,
HANWELL BROADWAY, W.7.

Dainticar
Worthy of the Occupant

from **1/6** a week



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During our Spring Sale we are offering a limited number of GENUINE DAINTICARS at about half the prices usually charged.
Pram as illustrated. **49/6**
Other models to suit all purses, for cash or from 5/- monthly.
Prompt delivery.
Carriage paid.

Don't buy any pram until you have seen our SALE CATALOGUE. Sent Post Free.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.
Dept. P. 148 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

WONDERFUL 10/- OFFER.

Send 10/- and we will send you, post free, one pair GREY FLANNEL TROUSERS AND TENNIS SHIRT.

The trousers are well made and generously cut from a reliable hard-wearing cloth which will give every satisfaction in wear, all sizes up to 40 in. waist. Over 40 in. to 44 in. 6d. extra. State waist, inside leg measurement. The Tennis Shirt is amply cut from good cream twill Winceyette in "Gladneck" style. Ideal for Summer wear. State neckband. Both garments 10/- post free or price for Trousers only 5/6. Shirts 4/6. All goods post free. If wanted C.O.D. 6d. extra. Remember we guarantee satisfaction:
THE SQUARE TRADING CO.,
Dept. J.B.), 8, Finsbury Sq., E.C.2.

THE ATENT **STAR** VACUUM CLEANER

does all a costly electric machine will do—and more. It has a stronger suction, gets into awkward corners and is far more convenient for Stairs, Carpets, Mattresses and Upholstered Furniture. No electricity needed. Lifetime Guarantee.

STANDARD MODEL.
Complete with extra Stairs Nozzle. Weight 5 lbs.
8/- WITH ORDER, and 5 monthly instalments of 6/-. CASH PRICE 36/-.

SUPERIOR MODEL.
With polished Duralumin Tubes and Aluminium Nozzles, complete with extra Stairs Nozzle, weight 4 lbs., 8/- with order and 5 monthly instalments of 8/-.
CASH PRICE 48/-.

7 days' free trial, carr. paid.
NELTON & CO. (Dept. B.),
14, Dale Street, LIVERPOOL.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

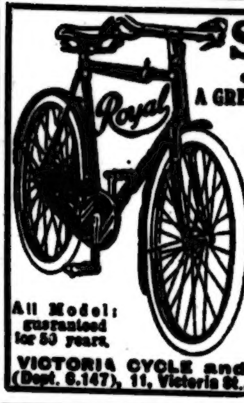
WHY YOU SHOULD BUY BY POST

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

I Guarantee Your Satisfaction

HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED

Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.



SALE!
of ROYAL Cycles.
A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

6-Guinea Models for **65/-** (or 6/- monthly)
3-speed Model de Luxe for **84/-** (or 7/9 monthly)
Numerous other models at similar reductions.
Send for illustrated Catalogue.

All Models guaranteed for 50 years.

VICTORIA CYCLE and CARRIAGE CO.
(Dept. 6.147), 11, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

MIGHTY AS AN ORGAN

is this new portable by Fullotone because of its treble length sound chamber and wonderful RIPPLE Sound-box. Produces a robust natural purity with greater volume than most large cabinet models. Stores and plays 12 in. records. British "Collaro" motor.

Cash Price 3 Gns.
Carr. Paid. 12 monthly payments of 5/9.

In 5 attractive shades: BROWN, RED, BLACK, BLUE and LIZARD.

Fullotone Gramophones (1929) Ltd. (Dept. J.B.P.1), 73, Camden Rd., London, N.W.1, and 7 branches.

FULLOTONE SUPER PORTABLE

Carry Your Pleasure with you!
The DUNHAM PORTABLE 5-Valve WIRELESS SET PLAYS EVERYWHERE

In the home, on the river, at the Tennis Courts, with the Car, in fact anywhere and everywhere the Dunham Portable receiver plays for you and its range is unrestricted. The trade have termed the Dunham set—"The 16 guinea receiver with 30 guinea value"—and not without reason, for its construction, unlike other cheap portables, is that of a set double its price. Absolutely complete for

£16-16-0 (*Plus Royalty 15/-*)
or 29/3 monthly secures.

Order from your Dealer, he will service efficiently your purchase.
ALL DUNHAM SETS ARE SUPPLIED THROUGH your wireless agent, so when you write us include name and address of your local trader.

OTHER SETS FROM 11/9 *monthly*

C·S·DUNHAM
Late Radio Engineer to Marconi Sc. Inst. Co. Member of the BBC since its inauguration

NO AERIAL NO EARTH *Printed guarantee with every set.*

ELM WORKS, ELM PARK, BRIXTON HILL, LONDON, S.W.2

Read This Unique Specification.

NOT A COMPETITION MODEL, but an individually made and tested set. Leather case with locks and keys. Stations all over Europe received at FULL Loud-speaker strength. The remarkable performance of the set is secured by many special Dunham features including H.F. transformer coupling (wound double silk covered wire ensuring freedom from breakdown and a lifetime's service), and we invite you to write for illustrated and fully descriptive literature.
H.T. consumption 7 ma only, making THIS receiver almost as cheap to maintain as an ordinary 2 Valve Set.

A product from a house who were among the few original firms subscribing towards and starting the original British Broadcasting Company.

Let Wallingford's
TAILOR YOU
A Smart Summer Suit

Our expert craftsmen cut and build your suit with the greatest care and attention. The result is that you obtain a perfect fit and faultless finish. Make your selection NOW from our smart suitings in Tweeds, Worsteds and Saxonys, which are the finest values obtainable, and you simply pay in small monthly instalments. Send to-day for full range of free patterns in prices from 52/6 to 8 gns., all on Easy Terms. Use the self measurement chart or call at our Oxford Street Showrooms and be fitted by our experts. ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.
Write now—Dept. A,

Wallingford's Ltd.
(of Oxford Street)
71, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

£2 GRAMOPHONE Electric PICK-UP FREE

To all those who write now for our Lists and order WITHIN 10 DAYS! MIRACLE 2, 3 or 4 Valve sets all complete and ready for listening-in Yours for 5/- now.

BARGAIN LIST FREE

5 Valve Portable 10/- down. Balance in easy monthly payments. Send for list now.

Send only **5/-** DEPOSIT

WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES
Wallington, Surrey

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

Cash the Coupons

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket clip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib.—JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

'JOHN BULL'S' GREAT PEN OFFER!

SATISFIED AT LAST!
"I was never satisfied with a fountain pen until I tried the *John Bull*—now I don't wish to use any other."
W. G. BOOTH, Sunnydene, Carlton Road, Thirsk Junct.

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'EVERPOINTED' PENCIL FREE

Written two years' guarantee with every Pen.

THE HOLLYWOOD

UKE-BANJO

With free Self-Tutor and extra set of strings.

In one hour you can play those haunting melodies of the Southern Seas. Superb instrument (7 in. solid oak, nickel bezel and brass frets) with real Jazz Band tone. Send no money. Send a post-card only. Pay after you receive Banjo 2/- weekly (15/- in all).

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SEND NO MONEY

TRIM YOUR OWN HAIR

SAVES TIME AND MONEY.
FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs

2/- Post Free. Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat. Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it.

FREE A Waving Comb will be given free to all sending for above.

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World's Finest Value

The Graves "VULCAN" 2-Valve Wireless Set is the World's greatest achievement in Wireless Efficiency and Value.

10/6 NOW

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Full approval in your home.
CATALOGUE POST FREE.
Full specification of this and other installations.
Write Now.

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WHIPCORD TROUSERS

To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of **5/11**
Postage 9d.

Over 40 in. waist 1s. extra. These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pocket, and as TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

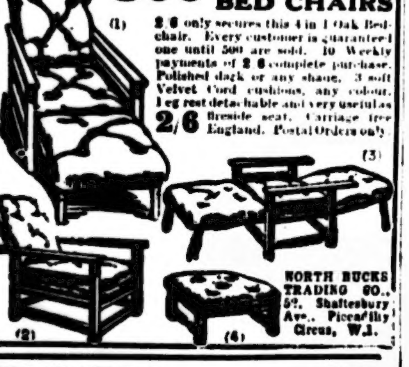
NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford, E.

---

500 SOLID OAK BED CHAIRS

2/6 only secures this 4 in 1 Oak Bedchair. Every customer is guaranteed one until 500 are sold. 10 Weekly payments of 2/6 complete purchase. Polished dark or any shade. 3 soft Velvet Cord cushions, any colour. Leg rest detachable and very useful as fireside seat. Carriage free England. Postal Orders only.

2/6



NORTH BUCKS TRADING CO.,
59, Shaftesbury Ave., Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

A FITTING FINISH

"Three Queens" STOCKINGS

Beautifully soft and snug fitting with their lustrous silky sheen, "Three Queens" stockings are a perfect finish to every costume. A pair or so of these lovely stockings will captivate your girl friend—as the cool, sweet smoking "Black Cat" cigarettes will captivate yourself.

Start smoking "Black Cat" cigarettes now, and you will soon be able to give her a pair of "Three Queens" stockings, they are

free! FOR 125 COUPONS

NON-LADDER
LATEST
POINT HEEL

LATEST SUMMER SHADES.

Sizes: 8½, 9, 9½, 10.
State size and shade preferred.

Flesh, Indian Rose, Paris Nude, Nude, Tawny, Sable, Florence Mills, Grey Rosita, Shadow, Blue Gunmetal, Gunmetal, Autumn, Suntan, Mirage, Plume, Caramel, Arab, Omar, Pigeon Breast, Vanity, Blue Fox, Rifle, Light Gunmetal, Bulrush, Brunette.

5 FREE COUPONS

(Dept. 8), Gifts Dept., CARRERAS LTD.,
Arcadia Works, Hampstead Rd., London, N.W. 1.

Please send me Free Booklet and Five Free Coupons.

Name ....

Address ....

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Only one of these signed coupons will be accepted.

Black Cat

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6ᴰ 20 for 1/-

ONLY A GOOD GIFT – WITH A GOOD NAME IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR A GOOD CIGARETTE

JOHN BULL.
93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

JOHN BULL

For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, May 11, 1929. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

You're So Independent—Red Leopard's Spots—

John Breaks Silence—Zinovieff II.—

Throgmorton Starch

THE progress of our straw ballot is causing intense interest at the three Party headquarters.

Liberal organisers have been chuckling with satisfaction over our last week's figures, which howed Labour 37.1 per cent., Liberals 5.4, and Conservatives 27.5.

Our figures this week—Labour 48.70, iberals 28.61, and Conservatives 22.69 —are less reassuring from their point f view, though comforting to Mr. lacDonald's friends.

• • •

A prominent Conservative organiser, o whom we showed the latest results, emarked: "These figures mean othing. Your readers are of the ineependent type, with no Party ties."

Isn't that why our readers' votes are he more likely to reflect the true osition?

hey don't worry

Downing Street is strangely cockure about the General Election result. n the Treasury it is accepted that in he next Cabinet Mr. Churchill will nite the three Ministries—Board of rade, Transport and Mines—and carry hrough a comprehensive reform of ailways and roads.

• • •

He has got the outlines of this great" scheme prepared. Hence his ecent frequent sympathetic references the railways.

he stamp of charity

"Audax," the anonymous donor of e munificent gift of 100,000 guineas inaugurate a Thanksgiving lemorial Fund for the hospitals, in atitude for the King's recovery, has t a fine example to wealthy people.

We have already suggested a flagay to give the less opulent a chance do their bit.

• • •

A still better idea which occurs to us ould be the issuing of a special stamp , say, a sixpenny denomination, to be ld by the Post Office.

The national nature of the appeal ould make such a scheme officially ceptable.

We are having a design made, which ll be submitted to the proper authories in due course.

r. Cook explained

Those who are astonished at Mr. J. Cook's apparently sudden abanonment of the Communists are not mong the keenest students of our litical life.

Some time ago we predicted that ook would change; and the Comunists themselves are not greatly rprised.

His separation from his earlier comdes is the result of the new electoral licy of the Communists. Hitherto, hile attacking the Labour leaders, ey advised the working people to te for Labour candidates, hoping ereby to enter the Labour Party as a dy and convert it from within its n ranks.

• • •

Now that is all altered. A few onths ago the Communists stated at they would enter the field alone. This put Mr. Cook in a dilemma. He either had to support his Communist friends, and thus help to defeat the Parliamentary candidates of the Miners' Federation, of which he is secretary, or he had to stand by the Labour Party and denounce the Communists. He has chosen the latter course.

Why he smirks

The gradual emergence of Mr. Winston Churchill as the Prime Minister's deputy in the House of Commons is causing much heartburning among certain other Ministers and their political claque.

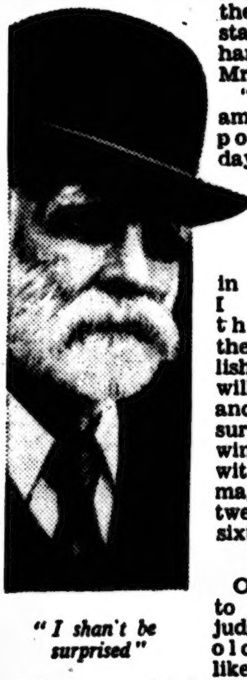
A flash-light photograph of the Treasury Bench, as the Chancellor rises, saying, "I have been asked by the Prime Minister to reply," would not reveal a row of happy faces.

It is not so long since Mr. Neville Chamberlain quoted in the House the old song, "Cheer up, Colly, you'll soon be dead." We hope his prophecy is not politically accurate.

Honest John says—

The tribe of election prophets multiplies and thickens. Everybody fancies himself an amateur "Old Moore," and the latest amongst them, we understand, is that hardy veteran, Mr. John Burns.

"Of course, I am quite out of politics these days," he said to an intimate friend recently, "but I still take a great interest in public affairs. I don't think that any of the so-far published prophecies will be justified, and I shan't be surprised if Baldwin comes back with a clear majority of between fifty and sixty."



"I shan't be surprised"

• • •

One is bound to listen to the judgment of an old campaigner like Honest John, and, as we point out above, Downing Street believes the same thing!

A bob-a-nob

There is a landowner near Craigwell House into whose field cars have to go to turn, for the lane just there is very narrow. To turn costs the owner of each car one shilling, for that is what he is charged. The landowner has a perfect legal right to do so, but is not the charge rather high and are these quite the circumstances in which to make one at all?

The greater part of this traffic has direct or indirect connection with the King's illness. Let us hope that those shillings go to some deserving charity.

Price ladder

Artificial-silk stockings are likely to cost more money before long. A new international agreement has just been signed between artificial-silk companies in this country, Germany, France, Italy and Sweden.

Its object is to bring about co-operation in putting artificial-silk prices higher and doing away with competition which has brought price reductions in the past.

The artificial-silk manufacturers made large profits last year, but they will make bigger ones this.

Chemical actions

Preparations are now being made for a big fight between Imperial Chemical Industries, Lord Melchett's gigantic combine, and the huge German Chemical Trust.

Between them these two control the major proportion of the chemical output of the world. At one time they nearly agreed to co-operate. Instead they fell out; since then they have been preparing for war.

The British combine has increased its capital and the German Trust has just succeeded in obtaining more than £6,000,000 of fresh money in America.

The fight will be long and bitter, for both want first place. Germany cannot bear to think that the dominance she had in the chemical industry before the war should be hers no longer.

A regal site

John Bull readers in London will have no excuse if they are late in learning the election results as they come over the wires.

We have made arrangements with the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, to display the figures. The Regal site, facing Hyde Park, is possibly the best in London.

Tens of thousands will be able to congregate without worry to the traffic authorities.

An impudent fake

In a sense one must admire the audacity and cheek of the gentlemen who have been trying to sell a new sort of "Moscow Letter" in Fleet Street.

This obviously spurious document purports to give Russian "instructions" for the election.

There have been no buyers so far for this fake, which even the silliest Bolshevist is too clever to have put on the market.

Still, there's nothing like "trying it on," as they say in the world of fraud.

Listening-in

Viscount Wolmer says that "conference facilities over the telephone for more than two parties are available, and demands for such service can be met if suitable notice is given."

Frequent users of the telephone know that three-cornered connections are common, but at one corner there's an eavesdropper.

We have been notified of a case in this connection, which we publish as a warning.

A subscriber asked for a number, and while waiting found himself overhearing an important and secret diplomatic conversation with a Foreign Office official at one end.

Perceiving the secret nature of the talk, the third party rang off. So-called diplomats must be more careful.

•

Hail and Farewell

The dissolution of Parliament will see the final departure from the political scene of some familiar and notable figures. Most of them are elderly men who, by reason of age or ill-health, are quitting politics.

Sir Alfred has done so much

Among them is Mr. Bob Smillie, who is a game fighter for the workers still. Another is Mr. Sidney Webb, and there will also be missed in the new Parliament Mr. W. C. Robinson, the silent Member for Elland, who has done so much for ex-Servicemen and pensioners.

On the Conservative side the retirements include those of Mr. W. C. Bridgeman, Sir William Bull and Sir Alfred Hopkinson. The last-named is a cheery young man of seventy-eight, who claimed to be the last Whig in the House of Commons.

Worthy of their hire

Scottish M.P.s have been clever enough to persuade the Government to pay members of the new Scottish county councils for time necessarily lost from their ordinary employment.

The lucky Scots in question will be paid at the rate of 15s. a day from the public purse.

In England there is to be no such payment. Working men who serve on public bodies will continue to do so under a heavy financial handicap.

So the Scot scores again!

It hurts their dignity

That venerable body, the Stock Exchange Committee, is growing perturbed because of the publicity coming to the Stock Exchange from the growth of the Derby sweepstake.

Some members of the committee are now urging that more drastic action should be taken, and that the committee should instruct the organisers that the name of the Stock Exchange must not be used in this connection in future.

Gambling in thousands is all right for rich men, but the dignity of the Stock Exchange must not be contaminated by the £1 subscriptions of poor men having a yearly flutter on the Derby.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

No excuse now

Since we drew attention to the Government stations for the manufacture and testing of poison-gas, Mr. Wellock, M.P., has asked for official figures of the number of animals and birds used at Porton and Sutton Oak.

According to the Secretary for War, no birds or animals have been used for experimental purposes at the Sutton Oak research establishment during the past two and a half years.

But at Porton poison-gas experiments were tried on rabbits, goats, guinea-pigs, cats, monkeys, mice, canaries, pigeons and fowls to the number of 1,184 since November 1, 1926.

Now that Great Britain is to ratify the Geneva Protocol of 1925 against the use of poison-gas in war we assume that the War Office will order these experiments to stop.

Apple tempting

Here again is startling refutation of the often-repeated assertion that *agents-provocateurs* are not employed in the enforcement of the Shops Act.

A policewoman visited a fruit kiosk on the Central Railway Station at Manchester at 9.15 p.m. and purchased six apples.

Had the assistant who made the sale enquired whether she was a traveller on the railway all would have been well. But the question was not asked, and the result was a fine of 10s.

If that's not asking for trouble, what is?

So this is England!

Mr. H. Roper, of Bawtry, near Doncaster, is a married man with six young children and a wage of £2 0s. 8d. a week, out of which he pays 14s. for his rent and rates.

Tom told 'em

When his wife was ill recently he kept his eldest daughter at home from school to look after the sick mother and the five younger children.

Because Roper could not pay the fine of 5s. which was the sequel, he was arrested and taken to Doncaster. He was there handcuffed to another prisoner and taken to Leeds jail, where he remained until some friend paid the money necessary to release him.

Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., brought this matter to the notice of the Home Secretary in Parliament, but Sir William Joynson-Hicks said he saw no ground for complaint. The Home Secretary should think again. The facts speak for themselves.

Trap trips

The Foreign Office should warn British Consuls abroad to keep a very close eye on the interests of British women and girls who go to foreign cities on theatrical contracts.

The recent case at Brussels was not an isolated instance, as our files show, and constant attempts are being made to get actresses to go abroad on bogus contracts.

It may be true that the Stage Guild or the Variety Artistes' Federation is consulted before passports are granted to actresses to take up employment abroad, but this is not always sufficient.

The agents of the white-slave traffic are extremely cunning in their methods, and extra vigilance is required by the British authorities both here and abroad.

Bad debts

There are 457 men and thirty women still employed in the Enemy Debts Department.

In view of the amount written off these debts, we suggest that Enemy Credits Department would be a better name.

A ban on eyesight

Sir Samuel Hoare does not think it necessary to press railway companies to lay out the names of the stations in white letters for the benefit of airmen.

"Pilots are encouraged," he says, "to fly by compass rather than by ground signs."

According to this logic, let us do away with sign-posts to encourage motorists to find their way by skilful map-reading.

"Slaveys" indeed ..

The Colonial Office must give its attention to the conditions under which young girls and boys in Ceylon are being sold into domestic employment.

Reliable report has reached us of girls being forced to work from dawn till dark, with no intervals for food, and with whipping the consequence of trivial disobedience.

In other respects, too, there are cruelty and neglect of these poor folk, and the ordinances must be strengthened at once.

Cuthbert still winning

The terms of reference of the forthcoming Royal Commission on the Civil Service have not yet been settled. The Prime Minister and his advisers are beginning to find that they have disturbed a veritable wasps' nest of controversy.

One of the awkward queries is, "Shall ex-Service men be allowed to count service with the colours towards a pension?"

Comfortable Cuthberts on swivel-chairs are, under existing conditions, given four years' advantage of Tommy Atkins because of his temporary job in the trenches.

Dilly-dally disaster

Why of all matters have successive Governments neglected to pass legislation ensuring the proper construction of motor-vehicles plying for hire outside the metropolitan areas?

The terrible char-a-banc accident near Twyford focused that question on the Ministry of Transport, which had a perfect answer. Two years ago Colonel Ashley's experts at the Ministry drafted a comprehensive Roads Bill.

It has never been presented because Parliamentary time could not be found for "such matters."

It is surely incongruous that at any point on the railways an immediate enquiry can be ordered, yet in accidents on the roads outside London the Ministry is powerless.

One over the straight

The position of medical men called in to decide whether an arrested man is drunk or sober would be impossible if other magistrates followed the lead of those at Oldham.

When John Albert Fletcher, of Ashton-under-Lyne, was charged with being drunk in charge of a car, the police stated that he failed to pass the usual sobriety tests (we know what these are!).

Despite the fact that two independent doctors asserted that he was sober and fit to drive, the justices fined him £5 and ordered his licence to be endorsed for twelve months.

A fine case for appeal!

Proud of it?

While he still has the opportunity, the Minister of Health should investigate some of the very ugly complaints that are being made regarding Poor Law administration.

Mr. Chamberlain proudly claims that there has been a reduction in the number of persons in receipt of relief, but the evidence suggests that many unfortunate people who have every right to assistance have been denied it through the bullying of boards of guardians by Ministry of Health inspectors.

There is the case of an ex-serjeant of the Hussars, with thirty years' Army service, who was threatened with the bailiffs because he could get neither work nor adequate relief and could not pay his arrears of rent.

He was denied further relief and was offered the alternative of the workhouse, which he indignantly declined because he refused to be parted from his wife after thirty years of happy married life.

The ace of clubs

An important personage behind the political scenes is Sir Herbert Nield, K.C., M.P., who is Recorder of York and the representative of Ealing in Parliament.

"Does quite a lot of talking"

Sir Herbert does not cut much of a figure in the House, and he rarely speaks there, but as chairman of the Association of Conservative Clubs he does quite a lot of talking outside.

There are 1,550 of these Conservative clubs and—much as it may grieve the Puritan heart of "Jix"—they are a very important part of the Conservative organisation.

Incidentally the clubmen do not like "Jix," and they do not hesitate to say so. They would be delighted to see "Jix" dropped from the Cabinet.

Tax and tactics

The producers of "The Beggar's Opera" were requested to furnish to the Inland Revenue the address of Mr. Gay, the author of "The Beggar's Opera," which was first produced in England about 200 years ago.

Mr. Allen Lane, the publisher, recently remarked that he had received applications from the income-tax authorities for the addresses of W. Shakespeare, Esq., and O. Khayham.

Only a few days ago it was found that Mrs. Nancy Foley, of Oldhill, Staffs, who was summoned for non-payment of tax, had died in 1924.

The problems of the living, however, have not this element of the absurd. They are alive and real.

Write to our expert about yours!

Actions, not words

Why the astonishing apathy of the authorities of Salford towards a ghastly death-trap which, during the last twelve years, has resulted in forty-three fatalities?

It is the towing-path of the river Irwell, where hundreds of children play at all hours of the day.

Little wonder that 521 residents have signed a petition asking that the lives of their little ones should be protected.

The Highways Committee has, in the past, made many recommendations. When will they be acted upon?

Ask us

It is not generally known that a pre-war dependency pension awarded to one of two parents of a deceased soldier may, on the death of such parent, be transferred to the surviving one.

It is also not generally known that such pension can sometimes be increased on the grounds of incapacity for self-support and pecuniary need.

Our Pension Expert is, of course, always ready and anxious to advise and assist readers perplexed by such pension problems.

Distress fund abuses

In connection with our recent article on the Lord Mayor's Fund, we are informed that the Highley Mining Company, of Kidderminster, pay at least 15 per cent. above the district wages, and in the cases where it has employed persons from the distressed areas the company has received no benefit at all from the Lord Mayor' Fund.

We gladly give publicity to the facts, but we must insist that th diverting of money from the fund b immediately quashed.

Percy knows

How long is the London Count Council going to pay £10,000 a yea to prevent Waterloo Bridge "topplin into the river? It is eighteen month since Lord Lee's Committee spoke.

The Southern Railway director have proved a stumbling-block so fa as Waterloo and the new Charin Cross bridges are concerned. But i the last few weeks the wealthy Cit Corporation has been interesting itsel

Very shortly, a proposal to assist th county council to pay its three and half millions towards the Charin Cross scheme will be broached.

We forecast that the City will pa up and that the long delay will a once end. Sir Percy Simmons, of th L.C.C., knows all about it—so does th Lord Mayor.

Bilking and burking

It transpires that taxi-drivers hav the right to pick and choose thei passengers if they are not plying fo hire on public streets and roads.

Thus at stations and similar place they could refuse an unpromising looking person and wait for an obviou profiteer.

The attention of the Home Secretar has quite recently been drawn to thi anomaly, and we understand he i considering what steps can be taken.

Pigs preferred

While starving children in the Lan cashire mining villages grope amon the garbage-heaps for something t eat, unwanted fish is being converte into pigs' food and manure at Fleetwood, only thirty miles or so awa from the stricken areas.

Nor does the distressed family bene fit from exceptionally good catche Only the other day the wholesal prices at the port fell by half, b the retail price remained unchange

We remember an occasion last yea by the way, when cod fetched onl three-farthings a pound at Fleetwoo yet was on sale in East Lancashire 1s. 2d.!

We said so

In the House of Commons M Clynes recently condemned the fre quent high-handed and unfair wit drawals of une ployment bene The facts a notorious, bu when the criti cised Minister de manded "chapte and verse," th crushing expos that could hav been made w not forthcoming.

We're surprised, Mr. Clynes!

Really M Clynes mus read his Jo Bull first thin on the morning o publication, for o the Thursday b raised his questio we published de tailed reports o several cases th had been unjust ruled out of bene fit for refusin to accept an offer of 18s. 4d. p week (eked out with an illegal 6s. fro the Lord Mayor's Fund) at a collie 150 miles from the miner's home.

This week's brute

Bernard Knowles, a Blackpool carte is a brute of the first water, and shou consider himself a lucky man not this moment, to be languishing in j

He left three horses in a field cove with fog grass for over a month.

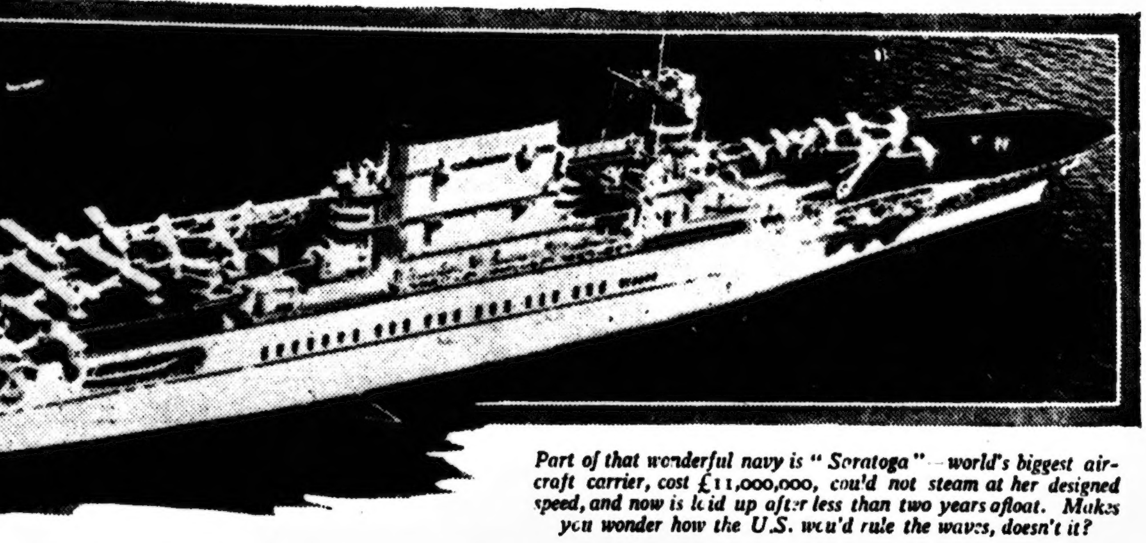
When discovered by the R.S.P.C. there were merely creatures of skin an bone, mad with hunger and thirst, a waiting only for death.

As we have said before, fines never cure cads like Knowles of th callousness.

It's GOD'S OWN NAVY!

By FREDERICK A. BRITTEN

This is the author—as level-headed as he looks



Part of that wonderful navy is "Saratoga"—world's biggest aircraft carrier, cost £11,000,000, could not steam at her designed speed, and now is laid up after less than two years afloat. Makes you wonder how the U.S. would rule the waves, doesn't it?

FRED. A. BRITTEN, Chairman of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, U.S.A., is the man who controls naval affairs for the Lower House of the U.S. Legislature.

The recent disarmament discussions at Geneva give this article peculiar point. It is a candid statement of the American point of view, which it is as well we should understand.

We print his words for this reason, and for no other. Much as we hate the big-navy cranks on either side of the "herring-pond," Britain must know what America feels on this subject.

PRACTICALLY all the nations of the world have solemnly renounced and outlawed war, yet, with the exception of Germany, forcibly disarmed by her late enemies, they are increasing their armaments.

In addition to the Kellog Pact, the ations of Europe have entered into other arrangeents ostensibly to guarantee continuance of peace.

The treaties of Locarno were acclaimed as such guarantee. The League of Nations and the World ourt are similarly supposed to ensure peace.

For several years the European Powers have en engaged in negotiations for disarmament, and disarmament conference is to be held at Washgton in 1931. Within recent months England d France were reported to have come to an understanding" as to certain phases of naval sarmament, and the United States was invited become a party.

Yet, in spite of all this, it seems clear that e diplomats of Europe consider these so-called feguards as mere scraps of paper.

If conclusive proof be wanted, we have only to ance at the present-day armaments of the nations Europe.

France maintains an army of 700,000 men. Her dget for armed forces in 1928 was about 68,000,000.

Italy maintains an army of 300,000 men. Her st military and naval budget amounted to 40,000,000.

GREAT BRITAIN has already added considerably to her naval strength since the war. She is building fourteen modern cruisers that will st £56,000,000 to complete.

The United States is building but six, and ould not be building those were it not for the ad pace Britain is setting to the world.

Japan and Italy are building six apiece, and ance four.

Throughout Europe armaments are being mainined in anticipation of another war. The plomacy of the Old World seems to have reained unchanged since the last conflict. It is still cupied with secret "understandings" masked as eps to ensure peace, but actually intended to renstruct the old balances of power.

The United States has never engaged in competitive naval building. It was not, in fact, until the necessities of the World War forced us into a battleship-construction programme that would have made our fleet superior to any other that Great Britain agreed to a limitation of naval armaments.

But at the Geneva Conference, Great Britain, with a vast superiority of light cruisers, refused any reasonable limitation.

The United States proposed between 250,000 and 300,000 tons of cruisers for each nation. Britain's idea of limitation was 600,000 tons—far more tonnage than America has, needs or desires.

Three times the United States has been forced into war because of lack of a navy so adequate for defence of American interests that no nation would dare to invade our rights.

The war of 1812, the Spanish-American War, and the World War (so far as the United States was concerned) could have been avoided if our navy had been such as to command the respect of other nations without actual demonstration of its power.

Another war to-day involving European Powers would find our rights upon the seas again invaded, our commerce destroyed, and our factories closed because our navy is inferior to the responsibility of maintaining American rights on the high seas.

The General Board of the Navy, men who have engaged in battle at sea, who know the naval strength of other nations, and who know the immensity of the task of defending our coasts, the Panama Canal, our outlying territory and our commerce, agree that our navy is inadequate.

Our battleship fleet, numerically and in tonnage, is not inferior; yet its effectiveness is endangered by lack of auxiliary cruisers and submarines.

"Liberty," America's "John Bull," says:

"IF the United States and England should fight again it would be an unspeakable, abysmal calamity. Probably it would result in the end of the supremacy of the white race, particularly the Anglo-Saxon branch of it. Great Britain might lose her trade and her colonies. One or both of us would lose our navies.

"United, we can hold the rest of the world at bay. Divided, we both should be in a desperate situation."

The United States possesses eighteen cruisers, and now that the Cruiser Bill has been passed, the number will be increased to thirty-three. The British Empire has sixty-three such cruisers built or scheduled. Japan owns thirty-three.

The American cruiser fleet is consequently inferior in strength both to that of Britain and Japan. When the Cruiser Bill is law America will be on level terms with Japan, but Great Britain will be doubly her superior.

In recent years we have built, are building or have provided for eight cruisers with 8-in. guns. The British Empire during the same period has provided for fifteen, while Japan's figure is twelve.

That America has no wish to pursue a policy of outbuilding the world is further proved by the fact that while the Washington Treaty permitted 135,000 tons for aircraft carriers (equal to Great Britain's allotment), she has but 78,700 tons built, building or appropriated for. The British Empire has 107,550 tons in this class.

In cruisers, in destroyer leaders and modern submarines the United States Navy is seriously deficient on the basis of actual needs for national defence. This deficiency is particularly serious in the cruiser class, in comparison with the position of England and Japan.

"The position of the Government of the United States," announced Mr Kellogg, "has been and now is that limitation of naval armament, to be effective, should apply to all classes of combatant vessels.

"The Government has earnestly and consistently advocated real reduction and limitation of naval armament. It has given its best efforts towards finding acceptable methods.

IT is because of this understanding of the desire of the American people for peace based on justice between nations, and for real disarmament in the interests of continued peace, that the Cruiser Bill contained these significant words:

"In the event of an international agreement, which the President is requested to encourage, for the further limitation of naval armament, to which the United States is signatory, the President is hereby authorised and empowered to suspend in whole or in part any of the naval construction authorised under this Act."

That the Cruiser Bill has been passed with such a provision is a direct invitation to the other nations possessed of sea-power to make a real effort to reduce naval armament. It should conclusively demonstrate to other nations our firm determination to maintain American rights to the free use of the seas.

Only those who have studied European conditions at first hand and in recent months can realise the danger of another conflict into which our nation would be drawn if it lacks sea power sufficient to guarantee respect of our rights.

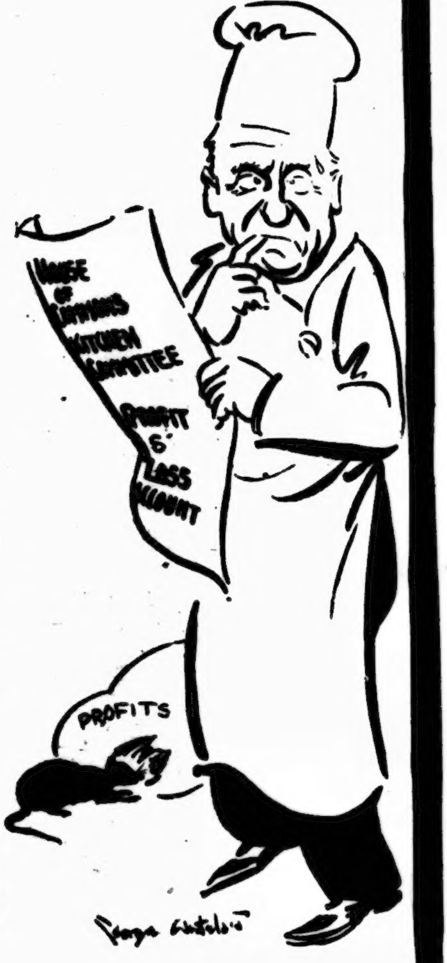
The people of Europe and of Japan desire a lasting peace, based upon justice. But the diplomats of the old school still retain the reins of government and are driving towards the brink of war in order to maintain possession of advantages obtained in the last war.

Until the people of Europe reorganise the diplomacy of their Governments, and substitute statesmanship for guile and craft, the United States must maintain a fleet capable of meeting any emergency. An adequate American navy is the best guarantee of a lasting peace, based on justice and national honour.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

A FUND of WRONG IDEAS

Tips from Taxi-men—War is So Lovely!—Sense and Summonses—A Quaint Little Curate


HOUSE OF COMMONS KITCHEN COMMITTEE PROFIT & LOSS ACCOUNT
PROFITS
George Whitelaw

Sir KYNASTON STUDD,
Lord Mayor of London

SIR,—I notice that certain members of the National Chamber of Trade share my concern regarding the shameful abuses of your Coalfields Distress Fund.

Surely, with all the varied sources of information at your disposal, you must, by this time, be aware that the fund is being exploited in a manner that demands instant investigation.

As I pointed out last week, not only are inferior goods being dumped in the mining valleys by unscrupulous "outside" traders, but little check is being kept upon the process of distribution.

Unwanted boots, for instance, are being hawked for a few shillings by their recipients in one village, while in another men, women and children go poorly shod.

Unless, sir, you take immediate steps to review the whole administration of the fund, faith will have been broken with the people of this country who answered so nobly the appeal of the Prince of Wales.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. SAFFIN,
Newton Abbot

DEAR SAFFIN,—It is not often that I can admire a man who, through his own carelessness, causes the death and injury of others.

I could not help but appreciate, however, the tremendous moral courage you exhibited when you confessed, without any attempt to camouflage your offence, that your signal-box error was entirely responsible for the Newton Abbot train collision.

There are not many who would, in the circumstances, have told the truth so frankly, firmly and unfalteringly, and you deserved the compliment passed to you by the Inspector of Railways at the enquiry.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. WELLS,
95, Paulet Road, Camberwell

DEAR WELLS,—I address you as a representative of that fine regiment of men, the London taxi-drivers.

Through you I wish to express to them all my sincere admiration of their kindliness and charity in sparing a thought during the busy, hum-drum rush of the road for the cripples and orphans.

How many of the public, I wonder, know that each week many of your colleagues buy from you a twopenny scented card, the proceeds from which will be devoted to outings for the kiddies in the coming summer?

Last year over £115 was collected, and, in addition, drivers lent their cars and devoted whole days to the cause.

Good luck to you all!

JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Colonel V. L. N. PEARSON,
1st Battn. Middlesex Regt., Catterick

DEAR COLONEL,—I note that you and your men of the Die-Hards are rehearsing an episode from the regiment's adventures in the Peninsular War, as a spectacle for this year's Royal Tournament.

Very nice and picturesque it will all look, with the bands playing, the muskets rattling, and the not-too-badly wounded tastefully arranged round an artistically tattered standard.

But won't you give us an episode or two from the Die-Hards' days in France—say, a corner of a trench after a well-directed "rum jar" has exploded, or a morning-after scene in No Man's Land?

It would be so much nearer the truth about war as we moderns fight it.

JOHN BULL.

Lord BYNG,
Chief, Metropolitan Police

DEAR LORD BYNG,—Just a little suggestion. Don't you think you could arrange that in all cases where summonses for arrears of income-tax, motoring offences and so on have to be served on a man at his place of business, the task could be carried out by plain-clothes officers?

The same purpose would be served, and much embarrassment, and often more serious complications, would be spared those who will have quite sufficient limelight to face when they arrive at court.

JOHN BULL.

Alderman BYNG KENRICK,
Mayor of Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—The avowed object of the Birmingham Citizens' Society is to link up various charitable organisations.

Therefore your ban, as president, on the Parliamentary candidature of the society's secretary, Mr. Richard Clements, can have no civic or social excuse.

On the contrary, it is not even charitable, and I resent your action.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. H. G. GOODING,
Bathwick

REV. SIR,—I must say you are a comic sort of curate. Have you nothing better to do than to baptise tobacco-shops?

Because the owner of a new establishment believed that religion and work should be associated, you sprinkled the premises with holy water and recited two prayers and a psalm before the doors were officially opened with a golden key.

Even if the proceedings did have the approval of the Archdeacon of Bath, you ought to have had more sense and dignity than to be associated with a free advertisement like this.

Don't do it again. JOHN BULL.

Captain MALCOLM CAMPBELL,
At Sea

DEAR SIR,—In my sincere admiration of the record-breaking achievement of Sir Henry Segrave, I have not forgotten that you, too, have done more than your bit in elevating the prestige of the British car to its present pinnacle of supremacy.

At the age of forty-six, you have succeeded in establishing a speed of 218 miles an hour, only thirteen miles slower than that accomplished by Sir Henry.

It was a gallant effort, and if a knighthood does not come your way I shall be disappointed.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. A. R. CAIRNS,
Thames Police Court

DEAR SIR,—Your decision against the Stepney Borough Council and in favour of the forty-two street-traders wishing to summon that august body to show cause why their licences should not be granted does as much credit to your common-sense as to your heart.

You are not satisfied that these men cause any real nuisance, nor am I.

The cruelty of destroying what to many of them must be their only chance to turn an honest penny is "Dora" at her dirtiest!

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT SANDERS, M.P.,
Kitchen Chairman, House of Commons

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—We are all sorry to hear from you that the appetites of Members of Parliament are not what they once were.

Last year your profit and loss account, in fact, showed a deficit of £306.

It is all very distressing. You have no rent to pay, and the staff is not embarrassed by an extravagant rate of wages.

And yet the menu can't be made sufficiently tempting for the palates of our legislators.

Can it be that they have gone into training for the gruel that many of them will get in three weeks?

JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. A. de L. MEREDITH,
Secretary, Travel Association

DEAR SIR,—What on earth is the use of shouting "Come to Britain!" when you people are planning hustle tours for Americans.

It will be possible within three days, you say, to "see" England and then fly to Croydon to catch an air-liner for the Continent.

Well, all I can say is, mind they don't fall into the Avon in their haste to give the Bard's country the "once-over," or trip over one of those "heestoric" tomb-stones.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT from the Shoulder

MR. GRANT EVANS, M.P.: "Every average person considers himself to be above the politician."

Then it's up to the politician to give him less ground for the belief.

• • •

MR. BALDWIN: "No one has ever yet succeeded in controlling or disciplining the English people."

A splendid tribute to their power of controlling and disciplining themselves.

• • •

SIR JOHN RUSSELL, F.R.S.: "The palmy days of agriculture were sixty or seventy years ago."

And might be palmier still to-day if we had a reasonable set of land laws.

• • •

MR. CHURCHILL: "I greatly regret that the railways have not farther advanced in the process of modernisation and equipment."

Lowered taxation would have helped more than regrets.

NOT from 2 LO—Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane

SAUSAGE and a SPLASH

—and hiccoughs from the joint

THERE ARE lanes throughout the country,
Green lanes and shady lanes;
Sweet lanes inviting soft repose—
And others where we hold our nose
While fleeing past the drains!

Some lanes, too, go a-winding
Into a Land of Dreams;
But these forget, and turn your minds
Towards another Lane who winds
Into a Land of Schemes

I've schemes and plans in plenty
Revolving in my brain,
And you need never bite the dust
If you will only put your trust
In Bill Arbuthnot Lane!

Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, at your service, ladies and gentlemen. Doubtless you have read some of my articles written as Grand High Cockalorum of the New Health Society. But in case you are not familiar with my views, let me repeat what I said at a wine and spirit banquet.

"Alcohol," I said—and you can imagine the wild applause with which the statement was greeted by the vendors of fermented and spirituous liquors in boiled shirts assembled—"Alcohol is a magnificent food. For one person that alcohol kills, meat kills a hundred."

You do not believe me? Maybe you are among those who, when they see a convivial diner-out with a nose like a newly-painted pillar-box, a dress-shirt like a concertina, and an umbrella which he is using to fight an imaginary duel—perhaps when you see such a person you jump to the conclusion that the Demon Drink has been up to his knavish tricks once again. Don't you believe it! You can take it from me:

It's the roast beef of old England
Has made him what he is to-night!
He went and ate at a fearful rate—
And that is why he's "tight."

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it really couldn't have been the wine; and although it *may* have been the lobster, it is much more likely to have been the roast beef.

If you only knew the misery that is caused by over-indulgence in meat you would insist upon the licensing of butchers' shops, a heavy tax upon mutton and the total prohibition of sausages.

Now, please don't interrupt! I know it is a long lane that has no turning, but it is this Lane's "turn" at present, and you would do well to make a note of what I'm saying.

I am not here merely to present the husband who returns with the milk in the morning with a brand-new excuse: "Sorry, m' dearsh—hic—but I. 'adder drop o' pork too mush." No, I'm here to give you scientific facts. So let me assure you:

Corn beef and carrots can,
When taken to excess,
Produce in quite a sober man
The signs of drunkenness;
And folks in gastric lore unversed,
Although he has not quenched his thirst,
Observing him, may think the worst.

Chops, steak and kidney pie
Banish from your mind!
Pass the deadly sausage by,
Or you'll quickly find
That your speech is growing thick,
Interspersed with many a "hic,"
And the world will think you're "shick."

Our Searchlight on

An M.P.'s RUM-RUNNING EXPLOIT

Sir Harry Seymour Foster, who dabbles in spirit. This time it is whisky—not oil

TWO young shipbrokers have had a remarkable experience. They have lost their business, swamped themselves in debt, and have been involved in one of the queerest legal battles yet staged in the law courts.

Their plight is due to an abortive attempt to enrich themselves in connection with a scheme for importing liquor to the United States, and their story throws a remarkable sidelight on the manner in which rum-running coups are planned on this side of the Atlantic.

Their names are Driscoll and Miller, but their business was run in the name of Douglas Driscoll and Company.

They were associated with several other people in the scheme, first and foremost being Sir Harry Seymour Foster, Kt., J.P., D.L., F.G.S., once Consul-General for Persia, and at present one of His Majesty's Lieutenants for the City of London and Member of Parliament for Portsmouth.

An ex-Sheriff of London, Sir Harry has latterly also added to his activities by keenly opposing the revision of the Prayer Book.

The plot was first hatched in the summer of 1927, when the two young London shipbrokers were approached by a Captain Cecil Attfield, who asked them to purchase a vessel suitable for making Atlantic crossings.

The plot thickens

Captain Attfield is the same gentleman who achieved great notoriety in 1924 in connection with a scheme for gun-running from London to Leningrad, as a result of which he served fifteen months' detention in Brixton Jail for offences under the Customs Act.

After one or two discussions, Captain Attfield suggested to Driscoll and Miller that if they could find any capital he would give them a share of the profits yielded by the venture he had in mind.

As soon as the young shipbrokers signified their readiness to associate themselves with the enterprise, Attfield unbosomed himself more fully.

He explained that he knew a good deal about the American Secret Service, and that he would be able to "arrange" for a cargo of whisky to enter an American port without any difficulty.

He went further and declared that, so long as the cargo did not exceed 10,000 cases, he could "arrange" for it to be discharged in New York itself under a medicinal permit.

His father would figure in the transaction on his behalf, and although each case of whisky would fetch £6, 50 per cent. would have to go to Attfield, senior, to be divided between himself and the American port officials, whom it would be necessary to bribe in order to ensure success.

Driscoll and Miller fell in with the scheme and introduced Captain Attfield to Sir Harry Foster, with whom they had had business transactions.

The captain then introduced Sir Harry to his father, and as the outcome Sir Harry agreed to finance the purchase of the necessary vessel.

Meanwhile, Mr. F. A. Lindsay, a Scots distiller, was approached and agreed to supply 7,500 cases of whisky on bills of exchange, provided one was backed for £5,500 by Sir Harry Foster.

Lindsay also undertook to assist in the purchase and equipment of the ship, it being understood that he was to receive, in addition to payment for the whisky, the repayment in full of his contribution towards initial expenses, plus generous rates of interest, and something like £4,000 out of the anticipated profits once the goods had been safely landed in America.

In addition, he was to be given a first mortgage on the vessel in case anything went wrong.

STARS and TRIPE

He sells rays of sunshine

A STRANGE, dark man is coming into your life—Professor C. Van de Zaar, to wit, the bearded seer of Forest Mansion, Haarlem, Holland, who is busily extending his weird and wonderful activities in this country.

Astrology, according to the professor, provides the missing link that connects life's success, pleasure and happiness. And the link is for sale.

To make your life "one ray of sunshine," the professor advises his "Extended Reading No. 8 at £2 2s., or No. 7 at £1 1s."

So eager is he to press his benefits upon you that he is even prepared to make a concession and reduce his fee for No. 8 reading to £1 1s., or throw in No. 7 for 15s.

But his fees are surprisingly elastic. A "full astrological reading," running into something like 30,000 words, which he sometimes advises, would incur out-of-pocket expenses of at least "five sovereigns." Yet all he asks is £1.

Altogether, the professor is a thorough-paced humbug, out to fleece the credulous for his own gain.

With real "pep"—and without the aid of gin—American sailors wage ruthless war on all rum-runners within the 12-mile limit

The part played by Sir Harry Foster was as follows:

He undertook to contribute £1,000 towards the purchase of the vessel, to join Mr. Lindsay in insuring it in case of seizure by the United States officials, and, jointly with Attfield, senior, to give Mr. Lindsay the bill for £5,500.

And Sir Harry's share of the spoils?

He was to receive £4,500 from the illicit sale of the whisky plus 40 per cent. per annum on his £1,000 until it had been repaid.

In order to safeguard his interests, it was arranged that he should have a second mortgage on the vessel, together with a written undertaking by Attfield senior, agreeing to remit £11,000 to him out of the first proceeds of the sale of the whisky.

In all, the six adventurers were hoping, as the result of one journey across the Atlantic, to share between them £18,000.

A vessel being obtained, it was decided that Mr. Attfield, senior, should proceed to the United States to collect the proceeds after the cargo had been unloaded.

Farce instead of fortune

Apparently, Sir Harry Seymour Foster began to grow anxious about his share of the plunder, and it was finally suggested to him that he or his son should personally accompany Attfield across the Atlantic.

This Sir Harry declined to do and contented himself by sending a telegram to Attfield wishing him "bon voyage." The ship, however, never sailed.

Difficulties then began to arise. The young shipbrokers, who throughout the deal had been without funds, encountered trouble with the British Customs. Mr. Lindsay, scenting trouble, seized the ship, and Sir Harry Foster, espying the red light, issued a writ on the ground that his £5,500 bill should be declared null and void.

In the end, all the parties were fighting each other and seeking legal aid to clear up the mess into which they had got through their illicit scheme having miscarried.

What a farcical situation for all concerned—particularly the Member of Parliament for Portsmouth!

"Papa" Attfield, retired schoolmaster, who should now have learned his lesson

Captain Attfield, his son, who attended the same school of dubious adventure

Though Mr. Justice Wright gave a verdict favourable to Sir Harry on the grounds that his bill was worthless and unstamped, the Court of Appeal pronounced the whole scheme illegal.

Wrathful words

Lord Justice Lawrence declared that the whole group of adventurers, with knowledge of the fact that it was a criminal offence to import alcohol into the United States, embarked upon their scheme with the object of making large profits by importing—or instigating or aiding and abetting others to import—whisky into the United States in violation of the laws.

The position to-day is that the young shipbrokers have lost their business and Mr. Lindsay his whisky—which is now in the possession of Sir Harry Foster, who is making earnest efforts to negotiate its sale.

As it is of very poor quality and was specially bottled for the United States, we do not favour his chances.

Sir Harry Foster was recently criticised by us in connection with a £1,000,000 English oilfield calamity.

We have now before us details of a number of company fiascos with which he has been associated—but that is quite another story.

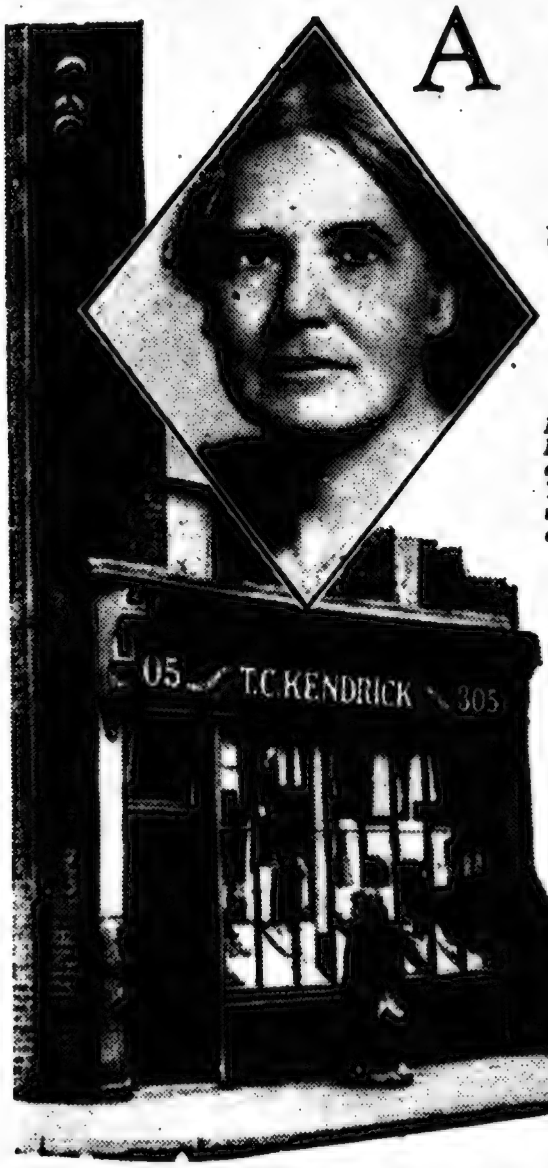
Lost thousands

For the moment Sir Harry Foster has quite enough to do to find a market for the 7,500 cases of dubious whisky on which he had hoped to line his pockets to the extent of £4,500.

Who will not agree that this was a transaction which, as Lord Justice Scrutton said, was "not very creditable to any of the parties concerned, and least of all to the member of the English Parliament who played a prominent part in the story"?

A WOMAN'S HAUNTED VICTIMS

Under Madam Moneylender's Shadow



Miss Susan Lawrence, M.P., is a bitter enemy of the female Shylocks. These revelations should inspire her to a timely condemnation in the House

One of the old "monstrosity" shops where the three brass balls are a blind for breaches of the Moneylenders Act

MANY are the mean streets in the area of Cable Street, Stepney, where you may encounter poor women who are haunted by torturing fears.

Desperation is stamped upon their pinched features, for they nurse some dread secret or else they are battling hopelessly against some crushing influence.

And in the same area you may possibly encounter a smartly-dressed lady whose features betray none of the tragedy characterised above.

To all outward appearances there may seem to be no connection between the smartly-dressed lady and the procession of sad-faced women; yet, when we lift the veil and look behind the scenes we find that there is a very formidable connecting chain, each link of which is represented by a little yellow ticket.

The lady's name is Mrs. Philips, and she lives at 12, Martineau Street, Stepney. The women are hard-working mothers who have come under her sinister spell.

Mrs. Philips follows a calling that is probably unique—at least, you will find no mention of it in any list of professions or occupations.

She is a liaison officer acting between poor, harassed mothers and an unregistered moneylender.

The latter is a Mr. Thomas C. Kendrick, and he keeps a pawnshop at 305, Cable Street, Stepney.

The little yellow tickets of which we have spoken bear his name. They are, in fact, pawntickets—but they serve a purpose for which they were never intended.

Written upon their face is the word "Check," followed by an amount in figures. To the average person they would convey nothing; to the women who hold them they spell hardship and ruin.

Mrs. Philips presides over a "club." It has no title, and the only qualification necessary for membership is sheer, downright poverty.

Desperate remedies

If you are in desperate need and must have money at all costs, and every means you can think of has been exhausted, then you turn to Mrs. Philips.

Mrs. Philips will not give you money, but she will give you a slip of paper known technically in club circles as a check. This you can take to Mr. Kendrick, the pawnbroker, and pledge it with him in return for ready money.

For example, a check for £1 can be pledged for 13s. 6d. in ready money, though the borrower must repay £1 in order to clear herself of debt.

Similarly, on a loan of £1 7s. 6d. the borrower must pay back £2, while a £2 loan involves a repayment of £3.

One poor woman, a mother of nine children, whose husband earns only £2 10s. a week, sought to tide her family over a difficult period by borrowing on the above check system.

Instead of mending matters, she soon found the drain upon her slender resources so heavy that it became necessary to pledge further checks almost as soon as she redeemed those already in pawn.

Ruined mother

At the present moment this harassed mother hardly knows when she will escape from the toils and has only a hazy idea of the extent to which she is involved.

We ourselves have examined tickets in her possession which show that she has borrowed something like £37 in this way.

This means that she must actually repay £50 or more! How can she hope to extricate herself from the toils? She must either face exposure and disgrace or go on plunging still further.

Another mother, with two children, has borrowed over £7, and is now struggling to repay 11s. a week.

Another woman, with three children to keep, and whose husband's wages amount to only £2 10s. a week, is involved to the extent of £5. At the moment she is striving to clear herself by paying off 9s. a week.

Many of these unhappy women enter into these moneylending transactions without the knowledge of their husbands, and they live in perpetual fear lest their sorry secret should be discovered.

Shameful system

It would hardly be possible to measure the misery and suffering that could be traced to this shameful system of preying upon the poor.

There can be no doubt that Kendrick and his agents are deliberately contravening the Moneylenders Act, and we urge the authorities to step in and put a stop to their pernicious practices.

BAD CYCLE BREAKDOWN

INSURANCE against accident and theft, with free legal aid for his clients; the sale of 100 per cent. British cycles; maintenance services; key insurance and lost-property offices—all these are included among the interests of Samuel Mitchell Walkley, who has been trading for some time in the name of the United Counties Key Registry and Cycle Association, at South Castle Street, Liverpool.

A young Welsh reader got into touch with Walkley through an advertisement offering a post at £300 a year.

This announcement stated emphatically that no previous experience was necessary so long as "other qualifications" were suitable, and a letter sent from the United Counties Key Registry and Cycle Association painted the post to our reader in very rosy colours.

He learned that the opening was "a very lucrative one indeed," and that a diligent young man could earn from £300 to £400 a year.

He would be expected to act as manager over a Liverpool suburban territory embracing Waterloo, Blundellsands, Formby, Hightown, Freshfield, Ainsdale, Southport, Birkdale, Ormskirk and Aintree. Permanent headquarters would be provided for him at either Waterloo or Southport.

There was only one necessary qualification. The applicant must pay £100 in order to secure this territory.

In due course our reader interviewed Mr. Walkley. Affability itself, this gentleman declared that the association was developing so rapidly that it had been found necessary to appoint area managers who could supervise agents and collect all moneys. Mr. Walkley spoke proudly of the association's factory in Liverpool.

Convinced that the offer was a promising one, our reader finally parted with £100 and was installed in a small shop in Southport.

Disillusionment swiftly followed.

He saw nothing of overworked agents or an avalanche of orders. All he discovered was a solitary agent who had not done any business for months.

Presently he booked an order for a carrier cycle and forwarded it to the Liverpool office.

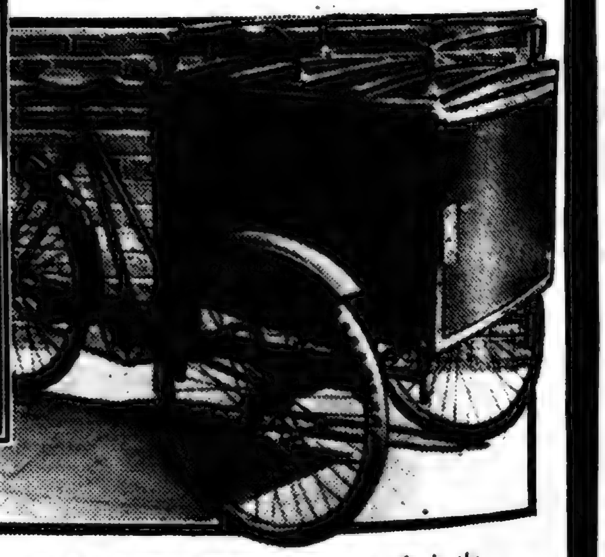
The next thing he heard was a stormy outburst from his customer, who had received an old cycle renovated with a little fresh enamel.

A trip to Liverpool brought further unpleasant discoveries.

He found that his employers' headquarters consisted of furnished rooms, and that the factory was nowhere apparent.

The United Counties Cycle Association had never manufactured a cycle in its existence, while the only "works" it could show consisted of a tumbledown shed, where at some dimly remote occasion in the past a cycle had been assembled.

Chief Constable Everett, of Liverpool, should be able to make Walkley break his silence



One of the carrier cycles that existed only in the imagination of this knight of the road to ruin

Next the anxious manager found that he was not alone, but one among many disillusioned ones. The United Counties Key Registry and Cycle Association had signed on managers at Cardiff, Newport, Hereford, Swansea and Southampton, all of whom had been called upon to make substantial cash deposits.

Then our reader received a note from the association's solicitors stating that a meeting of creditors had been called and inviting him to furnish his own personal claim.

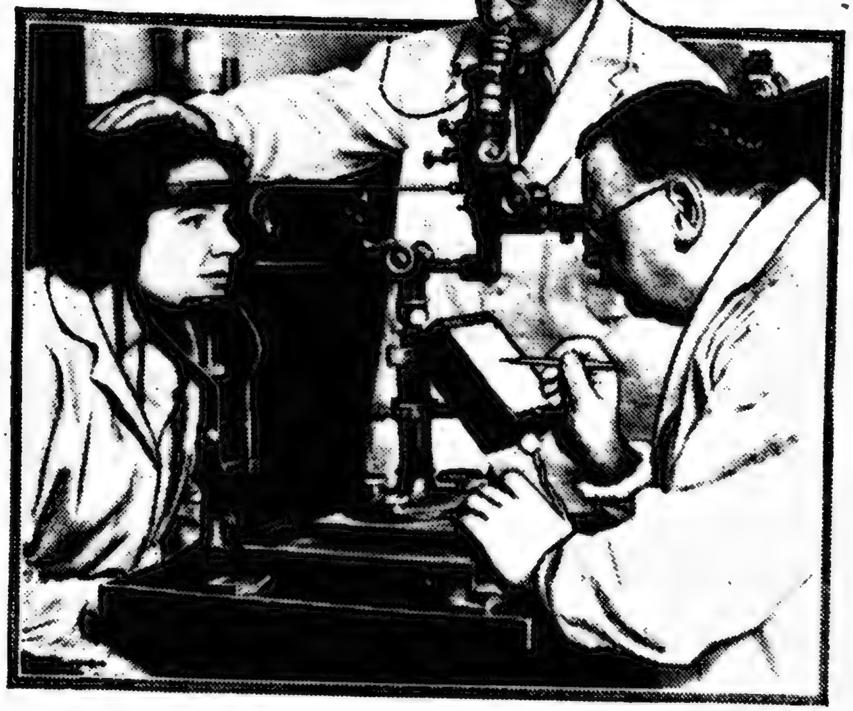
He at once put in a claim for £119, which was not disputed. But he soon learnt that, apart from deposits obtained from unemployed men, the association was swamped in liabilities.

Our reader has never received back a penny, and when he recently applied to the solicitors, they replied that they had washed their hands of the matter and advised him to apply to Mr. Walkley direct.

Mr. Walkley, however, maintains unbroken silence, and we demand that official pressure should be brought to bear upon him without delay.

LEON'S OPTICAL ILLUSIONS

One in the Eye for a Spectacle Quack



So long as you see eye to eye with qualified experts like these, well and good; but turn a blind optic to the quacks

WITH the arrival of sunnier days the travelling quacks take to the road in full force. It is their season, for what could be more enjoyable than to travel from one resort to another throughout the summer with all expenses paid by a credulous public?

Prominent among these people are the eyesight "experts," usually "from London," and generally boasting a string of imposing letters after their names, such as F.S.P., F.P.C., B.Sc. (Opt.).

While it would be practically impossible to trace any of these gentry to permanent headquarters in London, we are here able to reveal at least two sources from which they may acquire their impressive degrees.

There are two societies in London that confer such honours. One is known as the London College of Physiology and the other as the Société Internationale de Philologie et Beaux Arts.

M.C.P. for £1 1s.

Both are housed at the same address in Taviton Street, Gordon Square, London, W.C.

The prospectus issued by the London College of Physiology assures us that it was founded for the special study of physiology and the kindred sciences thereto.

There may possibly be some members who are ardent students, but the fact remains that anyone can secure enrolment by the simple formality of paying an appropriate fee.

Thus, should you desire to write M.C.P. after your name, the fee is £1 1s., plus an annual subscription of half a guinea.

Should you aspire to higher things, a fellowship may be obtained for £2 2s. down and 10s. 6d. a year. A life fellowship costs £10 10s.

Just bluff

An imposing array of names graces the front page of the prospectus, and it seems wonderful to think that one can be numbered amongst such distinguished people in return for so trifling a consideration.

But when we come to make a few enquiries, the proposition is revealed in somewhat different colours.

One Wimpole Street surgeon whose name figures as "honorary occasional lecturer" recalls having given one lecture at the college by request some three years back.

Since then he has heard nothing whatever of the college, and has certainly never given permission for the use of his name in this way.

A Harley Street specialist whose name is also used in the prospectus was surprised to learn of the fact from us, as it is at least five years since he happened to give a short address at the college by special request. He is notifying the college that his name must not be used in future.

Another West End doctor who was persuaded to lecture at the college back in 1925 was equally unaware that use was being made of his name, while another medical man whose name figures on the prospectus cannot be consulted as he is now no longer alive.

The presiding genius at Taviton Street is a Dr. Henri Leon, M.A., D.S.C., LL.D., who can claim some personal experience as an eyesight quack himself.

He it was who hit upon the original idea of "discovering" a new eye affliction which he designated "war eye."

During the late war he toured the country selling spectacles for this baffling complaint, which no other optical expert had discovered then, or has discovered to this day.

Interesting

Leon is an interesting personality, and, incidentally, is related to W. H. B. Quilliam, who fled the country following the crash of his Direct Fish Supply scheme, and who has remained on the Riviera ever since.

Quilliam, in fact, was actually a member of Leon's precious society, and lectured at Taviton Street on one occasion on the subject of "British Sea Fisheries."

Another venture controlled from Taviton Street is known as British Practical Opticians, which also confers various degrees on persons who have practised as opticians for three years, and who pay the prescribed fees. An Associate pays £1 1s. a year, a Member £1 11s. 6d., and a Fellow £2 2s.

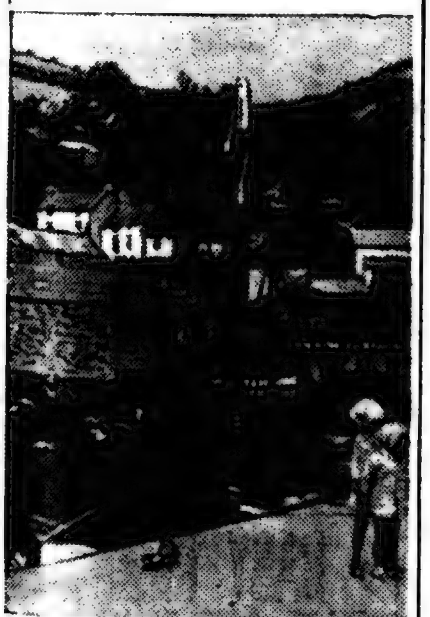
A.B.P.O., M.B.P.O., or F.B.P.O. look very imposing, and the purchasers can also obtain distinctive diplomas to exhibit in their "consulting rooms."

Last year, when responsible authorities made an endeavour to promote legislation to prevent unqualified opticians from practising, the British Practical Opticians circularised opticians requesting their support in opposing the measure.

Dr. Henri Leon is Hon. Vice-President of British Practical Opticians, so this desire to oppose legislation that would put the quack out of business can be appreciated.

We sincerely hope that he will be disappointed in his efforts, and that the Bill for Registration of Opticians to be introduced in the next Parliament will meet with the support that it deserves.

Still Time!



You can take snapshots 3¼in. by 2¼in.—just like this—with your "J.B. Ensign" camera

WHITSUN is on the way! Soon you will be packing your bag and making for the sea-side. Or perhaps it will be for the quiet, rustic calm of the country; or to the mountains for a climb amid the grandeur of nature; or to the river—somewhere enchanting, anyway.

But think how much extra fun you would have, think of the record of joy-days you would possess, if you owned a "J.B. Ensign" camera.

So overwhelming was the response to the offer that we made to our readers a short time ago that we have decided to give you one more opportunity of securing one of these superb gifts—and another for your friend as well.

JOHN BULL has placed a further order for "J.B. Ensign" cameras with the manufacturers, but if they are snapped up as quickly as they were before you would be well advised to make haste.

Turn to the back cover and fill in the forms on page 38 without delay.

DUKE'S CASTLE *in the* AIR

IT would be difficult to find more comprehensive aims than those advanced by the Liverpool and District Traders' Association, of Tithebarn Street, Liverpool. It would be equally difficult to find more disillusioned people than those who have dealt with it.

The pet scheme of Francis Eric Vernon Duke, the association was described as a Mutual Trade Protection Society, organised for the benefit of wholesale and retail traders, merchants, manufacturers and ratepayers.

It was ready to undertake debt collecting, rent collecting, income-tax recovery, auditing and accountancy, insurances, arbitration, valuations and stocktakings, business and property transfers, auctions sales—and many other branches of business.

Duped

Some little time back, when Mr. Duke decided to secure a partner to assist him in this comprehensive enterprise, he approached a seagoing engineer who was looking round for a post ashore.

The latter, Mr. J. S. Stinson, listened while Mr. Duke spoke enthusiastically of his business and confided that, apart from other activities, it was his intention to organise shopping weeks in various towns.

He was all for forging ahead, but he needed a partner with capital. The figures he quoted seemed satisfactory enough, and a partnership agreement was drawn up.

Mr. Stinson paid Mr. Duke £100 for goodwill and invested £400 with the association. He also abandoned his position as chief engineer with a well-known shipping line in order to devote himself solely to this new work.

The optimist

Mr. Duke's optimism was epitomised in the association's publicity matter. There he stated that every business man should belong to a trade protection society. The fee demanded by Mr. Duke for membership was £1 1s., which, when we consider the manifold advantages offered, seems ridiculously low. Theoretically business men should have flocked to join the association.

But Mr. Stinson soon found things less encouraging in practice.

He soon discovered that there were no books and no banking account, and one of his first acts was to institute a proper system of book-keeping.

Other unpleasant discoveries awaited him. Instead of the 500 members of whom Mr. Duke had boasted, he found that the actual number was more like 100, and that many of those were dissatisfied.

He also learned that he was not the only person who had sunk money in the venture, for several collectors had deposited £50 or more on taking up their posts.

In consequence, after eighteen days, Mr. Stinson decided to get out; and he and Duke signed a deed of dissolution of partnership.

But, though he acted swiftly, he was not quite quick enough, for he only succeeded in recovering £250 of his money. At the present moment he is still £150 out of pocket, while the £100 paid for goodwill is a dead loss.

Disappearing trick

Another man who has been badly let down is a Mr. Richard Jones, a collector, who deposited £50 with Duke. Although he has secured judgment for this amount in the Liverpool County Court, he has been unable to secure satisfaction.

Last of all, Mr. Duke has completely disappeared.

The only course left to his disappointed creditors is to seek the protection of some genuine agency that will find Mr. Duke and force him to disgorge his criminal gains.

The Gardening Enthusiast
Much energy employing
Completes his task— & earns a rest
A Capstan
he's enjoying

WILL'S's
CAPSTAN
MEDIUM NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

10 for 6d
20 for 11½d

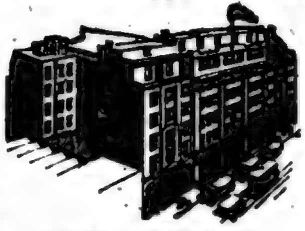
CAPSTAN Medium Navy Cut Tobacco (ready for the pipe) 2 oz flat tins .. 2/14

C.C. 215

AMBROSE WILSON'S
BIGGER BARGAIN BUILDING

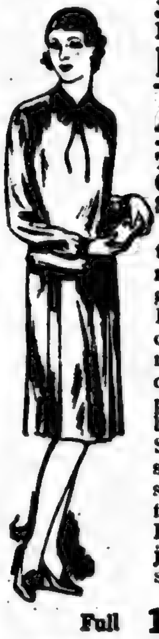
The magnificent new Building illustrated here has been built, equipped and planned to give you a Service in the supply of Ambron Goods second to none in the world. The latest and the most modern devices have been installed to insure the smooth and rapid handling of your order from its first receipt to its final dispatch.

The enormous new stockrooms provided will enable such large stocks to be carried that, although your order may be received at the busiest hour of the busiest season, it will be possible to execute it without delay.



AMBRON HOUSE,
Built to give you Supreme Service.

Ambron House is, without question, the best planned and best equipped Mail Order Building in the Kingdom, and the unique organisation and purchasing advantages it offers are entirely at your command.



Just Look at this First Bargain—

Lovely Frock in
Art Silk

The Summit of Grace and Style. See It on Appro. **1/6**

You have only to see this beautiful Frock to realise the wonderful bargain value it represents. It is fashion's latest in correct Spring wear. It is made in rich Art Silk of a quality unequalled at the price. Collar, cuffs, and belt are all of printed Art Silk, and the two-pleat skirt has neat tabs of this same material. Belt is finished with erinoid slide. Don't miss seeing it—just 1/6 deposit, then instalments, if preferred.

Full 12/11 Price.

LENGTHS : 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Also out-size in lengths 44 and 46 inches, 3/- extra.

COLOURS : Navy, Black, New Brown, Cerise, Lido, or Lavender Blue.

Bargain Coupon—K. 81 Frock

Please send me, on approval, Art Silk Frock, No. K. 81, at present bargain price of 12/11.

Length ....

Colour ....

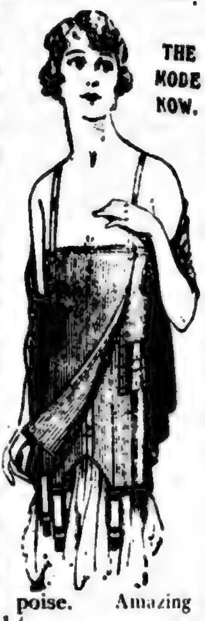
I enclose 1/6 deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/6 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock unworn, at once, you will refund my deposit.

JOHN BULL, 11/5/29. No. 509.

Post your Order to:
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd, 509, Ambron House,
60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

And this Superb Offer—

New Belted
Corselette


THE MODE NOW.

Ambron Made Luxury Model Try-on Appro. **1/**

The delightful luxury comfort of this beautiful corselette appeals to every wearer. Figure-perfect in model, it gives brassiere and corset support in one while the underbelt adds an uphold which relieves all weight or fullness. In style it is the mode of the moment, inducing graceful lines and ideal lightness of poise. Amazing value. See it for 1/-

Full 8/11 Price

In Pink Coutille, wonderfully strong, with elastic insets on hips, spiral supports continuous down back, and six suspenders. Underbelt has 7-inch self-busk, and shoulder bands regulate bust height.

Bargain Coupon—Belted Corselette

Please send me, on approval, at this week's bargain price of 8/11, a new Ambron Belted Corselette, to following measurements :

Bust (over light underwear) ....
Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. bust.

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 4d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/- each or more. If not satisfied, and I return the goods at once, you will refund my deposit.

JOHN BULL, 11/5/29. No. 409.

Post your Order to—
AMBROSE WILSON, Ltd., 409, Ambron House,
60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

Post your Order to AMBROSE WILSON, LTD., 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, LONDON, S.W.1.

CONSTANT HEADACHES banished with CASSELL'S

February, 1929.

I FEEL I must write and tell you what great relief your Cassell's Tablets have given me from headaches. I had suffered nearly four months with nerves, for weeks my head was terrible. I did not know what to do for pain. Nothing I took seemed any good. Then I saw a Cassell's Tablets advertisement and tried them. The first bottle brought relief. Now I am quite free from head pains. I feel different altogether. I would like everyone to know how good they are.—Miss O. Pearce, 15, Roberts Road, Watford.

Nourishment IS Necessary. Any medical man will tell you that the only remedy for a run-down nervy condition is rest and a tonic. Until the nervous system is revitalised those constant nervous headaches will NOT go. Thousands of women find in Cassell's just the tonic they need. Get some to-day.

ALSO TAKE CASSELL'S FOR: HEADACHES, INSOMNIA, DEPRESSION, ANAEMIA, INDIGESTION, PALPITATION, FLATULENCE, ETC. 1/3 & 3/- per box. All Chemists.

CASSELL'S TABLETS

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just now, so see to the floor covering question without further delay, for it is a matter important enough to demand your immediate attention whilst you are putting up with the inconvenience brought about by dust-ridden carpets or feeling the trouble that must arise in the house where the housewife has oilcloth or floor scrubbing to do. By tackling this matter now you can put an end to the above danger and annoyance, and the only way to adequately do this is to cover your floors with Catesbys Cork Lino, the beautiful and durable material that requires absolutely no scrubbing.

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Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C.1.
[illegible] Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

TAILS UP—and Down with the Croakers!

by A. G. GARDINER

The worker smiles. British industry has turned the corner

George Duncan with his merry men has sent the beaten Yanks home with compliments from John Bull

—and "Horse-shoe" Chapman and Co. have helped play the Old Country back to sports supremacy

AREN'T we in danger of grousing too much in these days? Aren't we proclaiming to the world that Britain is "down and out" a little too hastily?

There is a French maxim to the effect that if you would succeed in life you must give the impression that you have succeeded. We have something of the same idea in our saying that "Nothing succeeds like success."

It is a sound idea, for the world is apt to take you at your own valuation and if you write yourself down a failure you cannot complain if the world thinks you ought to know and writes you down a failure too.

And we have been very busily occupied for a long time past in telling the world that we have seen our best days, and are, so to speak, drifting irrevocably to the workhouse.

It is our English habit to take the gloomy view of things. Perhaps we do it sub-consciously as a sort of protection against disappointment, and I am not suggesting that we should refuse to face ugly facts, burying our heads in the sand like the ostrich.

But grousing can be overdone, and we have been overdoing it. Even in such trifles as sport we have been singing the tune that the old cow died of a little too insistently.

CRICKET? We have handed in our checks to Australia. Golf? We had taken the count finally to America. Well, the mythical "ashes" have been brought back from Australia and the Ryder Cup has been lifted from the Americans.

The fact is that we cannot be on the top all the time and must expect to have ups and downs.

Or, to turn to more serious matters, it is right that we should be seriously concerned about unemployment and should make its continuance the issue of the election.

But in doing this it is not necessary to give the world the impression that our trade is dead, that we are all standing about the streets with our hands in our pockets waiting for something to turn up, and wondering when the end will come.

That picture is not true, and when visitors from abroad, filled up with this fiction, arrive they are more than a little astonished at what they see.

That is the case of Dr. Julius Klein, the new Assistant-Secretary of Commerce of the U.S.A., who has been here to hold a sort of inquest on us and to discover from what we have really died.

He has issued a report in which he says we are not dead at all.

Even in the matter of wealth he points out that we can still hold up our heads in the presence of America, for while the overseas investments of the United States are £2,600 millions, those of Great Britain are £4,000 millions.

And though great pockets of depression still exist in the trade of the country, the general prosperity has never been higher, the people never so well fed or so well clothed, the industrial savings so large.

Nor even in the case of those great pockets of depression is it true that all is lost. On the contrary, much that is hopeful is happening.

Four main causes have contributed to that depression: (1) The crash of world currencies after the war which shattered the mechanism of trade; (2) the unrest in industry culminating in the strike of 1926; (3) the premature return to the gold standard in 1925 which made our commodities dearer to purchaser; (4) the obsolete methods of our great industries.

We are getting through all these obstacles. No. 1 has vanished. World currencies are now stabilised. No. 2 is vanishing. The Melchett-Turner negotiations have started a new spirit in industry. The worst results of No. 3 are over, and the good results are beginning to operate.

As to No. 4, rationalisation is beginning to change the face of industry, and the great electrification scheme is bringing the vital essential of cheap power into play. We are in the midst of a great transition period, the effects of which only now appear.

But they are appearing. They are appearing even in the blackest spot of all—the coal trade. That has been hit by many things—the indemnity coal that has flooded the Continental markets, the premature return to the gold standard, the 1926 strike, and so on.

BUT the worst is over. Rationalisation is in progress. The markets lost in 1926 are being won back, and there is more prosperity in that trade than there has been for years.

Colonel Robert Stephenson, the chairman of the North-East Coast Coal Exporters' Association, in his annual speech last week, said that if coal shipments from the north-east coast continued at the present rate, this year would be a record year in the history of the trade.

We are exporting as much coal as America, Germany and Poland put together. The 1926 contracts with foreign coalfields are running out and the customers are coming back to us because we have the best coal in the world, and, owing to the stabilised currencies of the world, are now producing it at a competitive price.

New pits are being opened and the whole industry is being shifted by internal reconstruction to a sounder basis.

EVEN South Wales, the blackest spot of all, is looking up. The last three months' audit showed a trading loss of only £222,148, equivalent to 5½d. a ton, against a loss of £755,153, or 1s. 6d. a ton, in the previous three months.

These are the best figures since the great strike, and there is every expectation that in the three months just closed the position will be better—probably the loss will be wiped out altogether.

And the consolidation of the coal position is reacting on iron and steel, which is experiencing a remarkable revival. The shareholders have lost their money, but the trade is coming back.

Furnaces that have been out for months and years are in blast again, and I read that the industry is unable to cope with the orders that are coming in.

As to shipbuilding, we have completely recovered our world supremacy, and for a year past have been constructing more tonnage than all the rest of our competitors put together—nearly twenty times more than the United States, for example.

The most difficult problem is the cotton trade, but even here rationalisation is at last afoot and the prospects are not unhopeful. As to the general industry of the country, it was never better—indeed, never so good.

THESE are the facts. By all means let us grapple with the unemployment problem boldly. But let us cease talking as though this nation was on the brink of commercial downfall. It isn't. It is on the brink of greater prosperity than it has ever enjoyed.

AMAZING ELECTION PREDICTION

What Do You Think?

THIS is your very last chance to vote in the great JOHN BULL Election Ballot and win £500. The competition definitely closes on May 15.

The results of the voting up to the time of going to press continue to reveal a phenomenal swing-over in public opinion.

At the moment the analysis of the voting gives:

	Con.	Lab.	Lib.
In percentages ...	22.69	48.70	28.61
In seats	140	299	176
*Present position in the House ...	400	160	46

*Plus 7 Independents; 2 vacant seats.

If our readers' votes are a true guide, it is obvious that a startling change is being foreshadowed.

At the same time, the majority of our votes have yet to come, and these may change the situation entirely.

We emphasise once more that our ballot is as secret as the actual election. You need have no fear that your name will be known to anyone.

We give you some more figures to help you in forming this estimate. At the last General Election the electorate numbered 21,730,988—men voters being in a majority of nearly 3,000,000. Of this number 16,640,279 recorded their votes.

This time, although the final figures are not yet available, the total electorate will be—in round figures—28,000,000, and it is estimated that the new women voters number about 5,500,000.

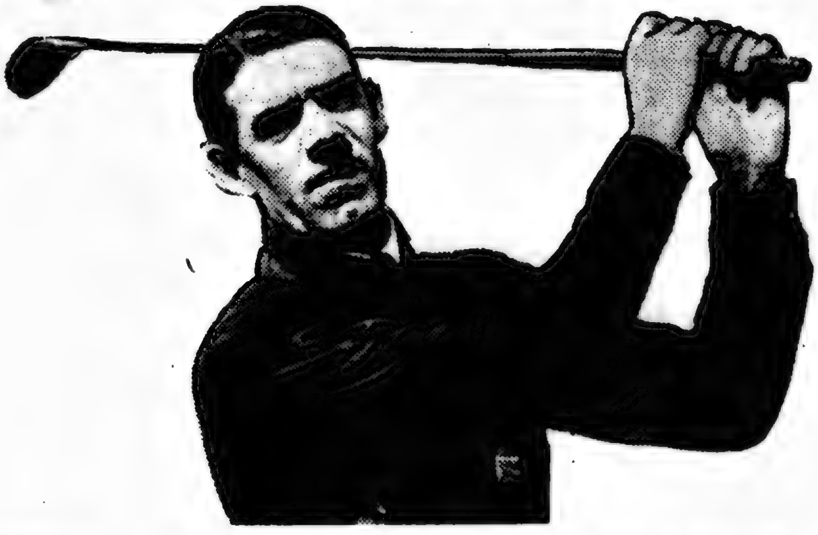
Up to the time of going to press the returns for 221 constituencies have been received at Somerset House, and they show that 5,177,449 voters are men and 5,980,012 are women—giving women a lead of 802,563.

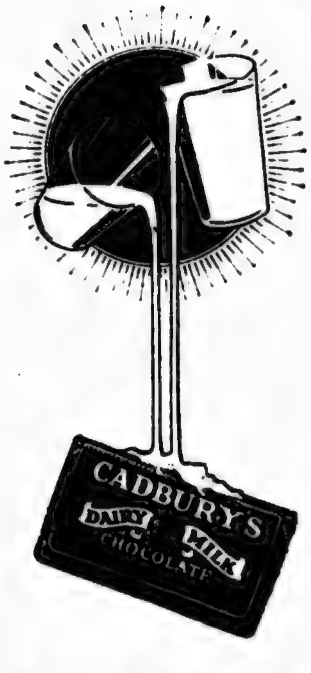
In making your estimate there are two main puzzles you will have to solve—how many of the 5½ million new women voters will trouble to vote, and whether the country is sufficiently interested in the election to cause, as on the last occasion, nearly three-quarters of the voters to go to the poll.

Let us repeat that this is your last chance to win the £500 prize. Turn to page 36 and fill in the two coupons now and send them along so as to reach this office not later than the first post on May 15.

Next week we shall publish further figures showing the way OUR election is going. In our issue dated May 25 we shall give *final* results of our Straw Ballot.

George Duncan tastes the cream!





"I or my caddy always have a slab of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate at hand as we go round the course. I like Cadbury's because I can taste the cream in it and a bite now and again satisfies without making me thirsty."

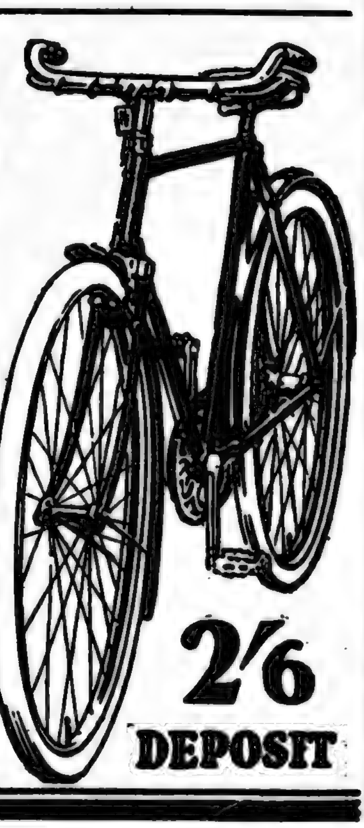
Geo Duncan

Think! A glass and a half of the freshest, full-cream, English milk, rich in the Sunshine Vitamin "D," goes into every ½ lb. block. No wonder George Duncan can taste the cream!

2D. BARS 6D. PACKETS
HALF POUND 1/-

CADBURY'S MILK
CHOCOLATE

Feel breezy, Pay easy



You can well afford to feel breezy and care free when buying a bicycle the Mead way. For 2/6 down you can become the proud possessor of a Mead—to ride as you pay. **Nothing more to pay for a month** and then the instalments are made to suit your requirements. Carriage paid anywhere in Great Britain. Made from finest materials, assembled by skilled men in our Birmingham factory and sold direct to riders.

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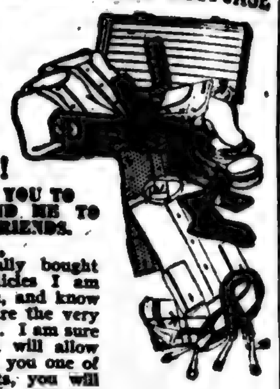

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I WANT YOU TO RECOMMEND ME TO YOUR FRIENDS.

Dear Sir,

I personally bought all the articles I am offering you, and know that they are the very best quality. I am sure that if you will allow me to send you one of these Outfits, you will be a regular customer of mine.

It consists of:—

1 strong, serviceable, Leatherette Suitcase, metal lock and fittings.
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2 First quality Oxford Shirts, fast colours, or
2 Silkateen Tunic Shirts, with collars to match.
2 Pairs of Cashmere Socks.
1 Pair Elastic Braces.
2 Silk Ties.
6 Handkerchiefs.
2 Bristle Hair Brushes.

I guarantee all these articles to give you good long service. You would get no better offer if you paid cash. Price **63/-**

Send me 5/-, and agree to pay me 1/6 per month. Also let me know the size of the collar neckband you require, and I will send you this Outfit on 7 days' approval. You will be highly delighted when you see it.

Yours truly,
John Blanford

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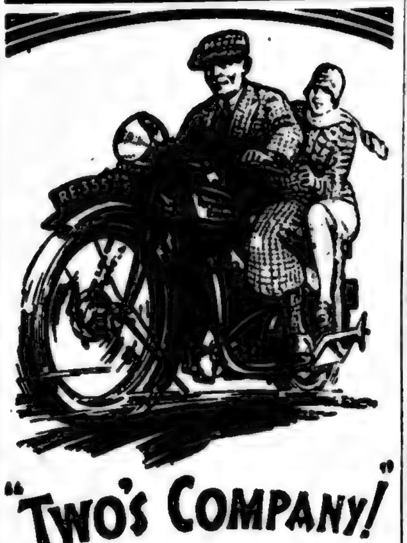
MY SIGNATURE YOUR SAFEGUARD



"TWO'S COMPANY!"

In spite of the old adage, the Royal Enfield makes a good third, able and ready to carry two along the highway to health and happiness. And at very little cost, too, as the new Enfields are exceptionally economical on petrol and oil, in addition to being so outstandingly handsome.

All 1929 models have large tyres, detachable rear mudguard and carrier, cush-drive rear hub, internal expanding brakes, etc., etc.

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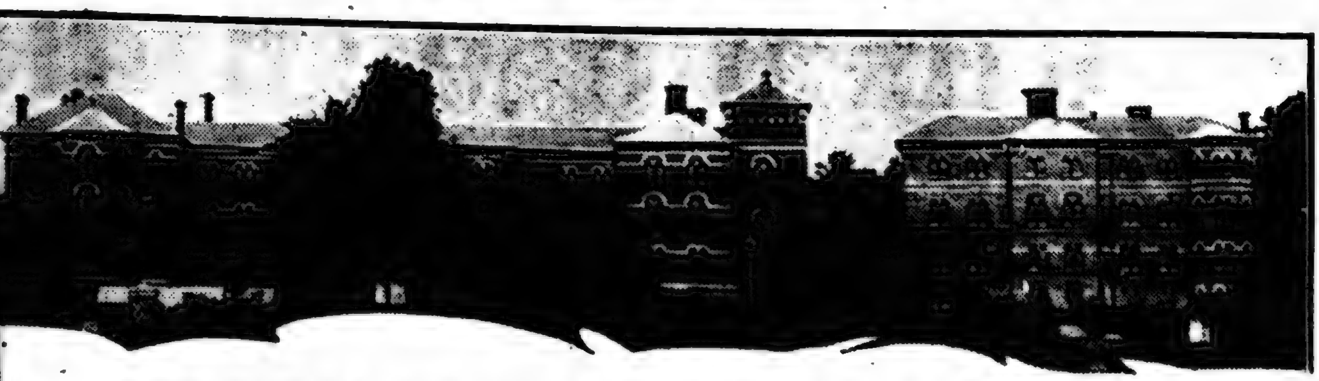
BROADMOOR

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

TRAGIC REVELATIONS

Sir Ernley Blackwell, of the Home Office, knows all the secrets of Broadmoor. What is he going to do about this one?



Broadmoor, the prison of lost souls, where men serve the sentence no judge can impose—imprisonment during official pleasure

ON January 23, 1920, Dr. George Henry Rodolph was charged at the Central Criminal Court with attempted murder and suicide, was found guilty but insane, and was ordered to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

He was sent to Broadmoor, and at Broadmoor he has remained.

I have no doubt that the jury thought it was taking a merciful view of the facts of Rodolph's case when it brought in that verdict of "Guilty but insane."

In point of fact, it would have been more merciful to have left out the question of sanity.

Had the verdict been a plain "Guilty," he could not have received more than a sentence of seven years' penal servitude. As it is, his sentence was an indeterminate one; possibly it was a sentence for life.

Why?

Certainly he has been at Broadmoor now for over nine years. There seems something strangely out of keeping with the spirit of English justice when this sort of thing can happen.

There is a question I should like the Home Secretary to answer: Why was Colonel Rutherford, a convicted murderer, released from Broadmoor whilst Dr. Rodolph, who only attempted murder, is denied all hope of freedom?

That, I think, is a question that ought to be asked—and answered.

I have before me as I write a long list of murderers who, found guilty but insane, were all sent to Broadmoor—but *who have all been released during the last seven or eight years.*

They have murdered men, they have killed women, they have slaughtered little children—and they have been discharged after varying periods. One of them was still insane when he was discharged.

Yet Dr. Rodolph is given no hope that his attempted crime will ever be considered to be expiated.

The matter takes on an even worse aspect when, as is the fact, the Home Office is not being asked to release this man, but to transfer him to another institution that would—if he is really still insane—endeavour to cure him.

Hope withheld

I have in my possession the name of this institution. It is one against which no criticism could be levelled. I know, too, that it has expressed its willingness to receive this man.

I know further that the medical superintendent of Broadmoor has not the least objection to his being transferred to another asylum.

Yet nothing is done. The power of the bureaucracy is apparently supreme. The indeterminate sentence which finds no place in the British legal code can be imposed by the Home Office without let or hindrance.

Now I have no axe to grind in the case of Dr. Rodolph. I do not know him, nor do I know anything about him beyond the bare facts of his case. My only interest in him is that which I find in any case of injustice.

And it seems to me that the case of Dr. Rodolph and other cases at Broadmoor that have come to my notice call urgently for a little limelight to be turned on that abode of lost souls.

I feel bound to protest with the utmost vehemence against a legal system that makes it possible for a man to be sent to prison for life when a man who was not able to plead insanity would get off with a much shorter sentence for the same offence.

I cannot agree for a moment that there is any justification for a system that allows no appeal to any man sent to Broadmoor against the official decision of his insanity.

I think it strikes at the roots of our British system for the authorities to be allowed to detain any person as a "criminal lunatic" after a stated period without the case being reviewed by an independent body of experts.

Let us return for a moment to the case of Dr. Rodolph, since his case is typical of many. Those who are interesting themselves on his behalf wrote to the Home Office suggesting that if there was any doubt as to his sanity he should be examined by an independent doctor.

The reply was interesting: ". . . As regards Rodolph's mental condition the medical superintendent of Broadmoor is specially qualified to advise, *and it is contrary to practice to allow medical practitioners to visit in order to examine patients.*"

Red tape

Why should it be "contrary to practice"? "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you," said Job in withering sarcasm. And is not that the usual official attitude? The bureaucrat can never conceive any improvement in the system he is called upon to administer!

In any case the present medical superintendent of Broadmoor has only recently been appointed, and he has far too many patients under his control to have been able to devote to them the individual attention necessary to form a considered opinion.

Clearly, if we are to bring Broadmoor within the circle of a just legal system, it should be open to any man, once he is sent to Broadmoor, to have the legal right after a stated lapse of time to demand an examination of his mental state by an independent tribunal.

Policy of silence

In the case of Dr. Rodolph the Home Office gives no reasons whatever for refusing his transference to another asylum. It just puts up a blank wall of silence.

Yet let us be clear about the facts. Men detained at Broadmoor "during His Majesty's pleasure" are not legally criminals. Their legal status is that of an acquitted person under detention until sanity is restored.

Why, then, should they be denied rights that the ordinary convict enjoys?

Forty-eight years ago a soldier suffering from *delirium tremens* was sent to Broadmoor for threatening an Army doctor. He is still there—yet the man who gets a "life" sentence for murder is usually released at the end of twenty years.

If twenty years is the legal duration of a commuted death sentence for murder, where is the justice of forty-eight—and perhaps more—years for a threatened assault?

Let me return for the last time to the case of Dr. Rodolph. On December 13, 1924, he added a codicil to his will. I have before me a statement signed by Dr. W. L. Sullivan, the then medical superintendent.

"I hereby certify," he says, "that Dr. G. H. Rodolph, who has this day signed the above codicil in my presence, is mentally competent to understand the nature and effect of the document."

Hidden secrets

A further codicil was similarly attested in April of this year by the present medical superintendent.

If a man is mentally capable of doing this sort of thing I contend he is not insane. I most emphatically assert that he has, at any rate, proved his right to an expert and independent examination of his mental condition.

It is not sufficient justification of the indefinite detention of men like this merely to say that they cannot be released. It savours too much of the evil methods of the Star Chamber.

There is obviously a lot hidden behind the walls of Broadmoor that had better be brought to light.

It seems to me, in face of the facts I have outlined here, that the searchlight of a thoroughgoing enquiry is very much overdue.

The Human Machine

WHEN FEATHERS FLY

THERE are many people who like to be witty, sarcastic and "smart" at the expense of their fellows. When they score off some one less nimble-witted than themselves they think they have done something clever.

They fail to realise the terribly destroying power of words. They take no account of the distress their "cleverness" may cause.

They forget that what they consider wit and sarcasm may be regarded by other people as sheer arrogance.

"The mouth of a wise man is in his heart," said Solomon, "the heart of a fool is in his mouth." It is not always the wise man who is headlong in his language, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, overbearing and wanting in patience and forbearance.

It is not always the weak character that can learn to suffer fools gladly; it is only the man who is big enough to understand himself who will try to understand others.

For to understand others, to see others' points of view, and to keep that easy intercourse between mind and mind without which there can be no progress, needs, not infrequently, a considerable amount of self-control.

It is so easy to use words as a tiger uses his claws, to rip and tear and destroy! It is not so easy to use them to build and cement and construct.

How many friendships have been broken by a careless word? How many happy people have been made miserable by thoughtless "witticisms"? And was it ever worth it?

Sarcasm is all right in its place. In any other it is like ignorance. It is, as Mr. H. G. Wells called the latter, "social dirt."

Russ Wainscoat *and* Jimmie McMullan *Blindfolded*, pick SARONY

Two famous rival Internationals agree wholeheartedly that, versus the Rest, SARONY wins—every time!

J. McMullan, Left-half for Manchester City. Recently selected to play for Scotland versus England.

W. R. Wainscoat, Inside left for Leeds United and recently selected to play for England versus Scotland.

THE BLINDFOLD TEST.
The blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. Fresh coffee is at hand to be sipped between each cigarette, to clear the taste. Only one question is asked: "Which did you enjoy most?" Sarony's famous *smoothness*, and complete absence of bite or parch, is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Saronys their soothing, fragrant smoothness. So, "you can tell the difference, even blindfolded."

"The third one. That's my choice. It's as different from the others as an International Cap is from a bowler hat . . . *Smooth* as a mill pond. I wasn't surprised to hear I'd chosen the cigarette I always smoke—a Sarony."

W R Wainscoat

"A Sarony, is it? Well, it gets *my* vote any way. Why, it knocks the other four right off the field. Just the sort of smoke, in fact, that a fellow is glad to offer to his pals."

James McMullan

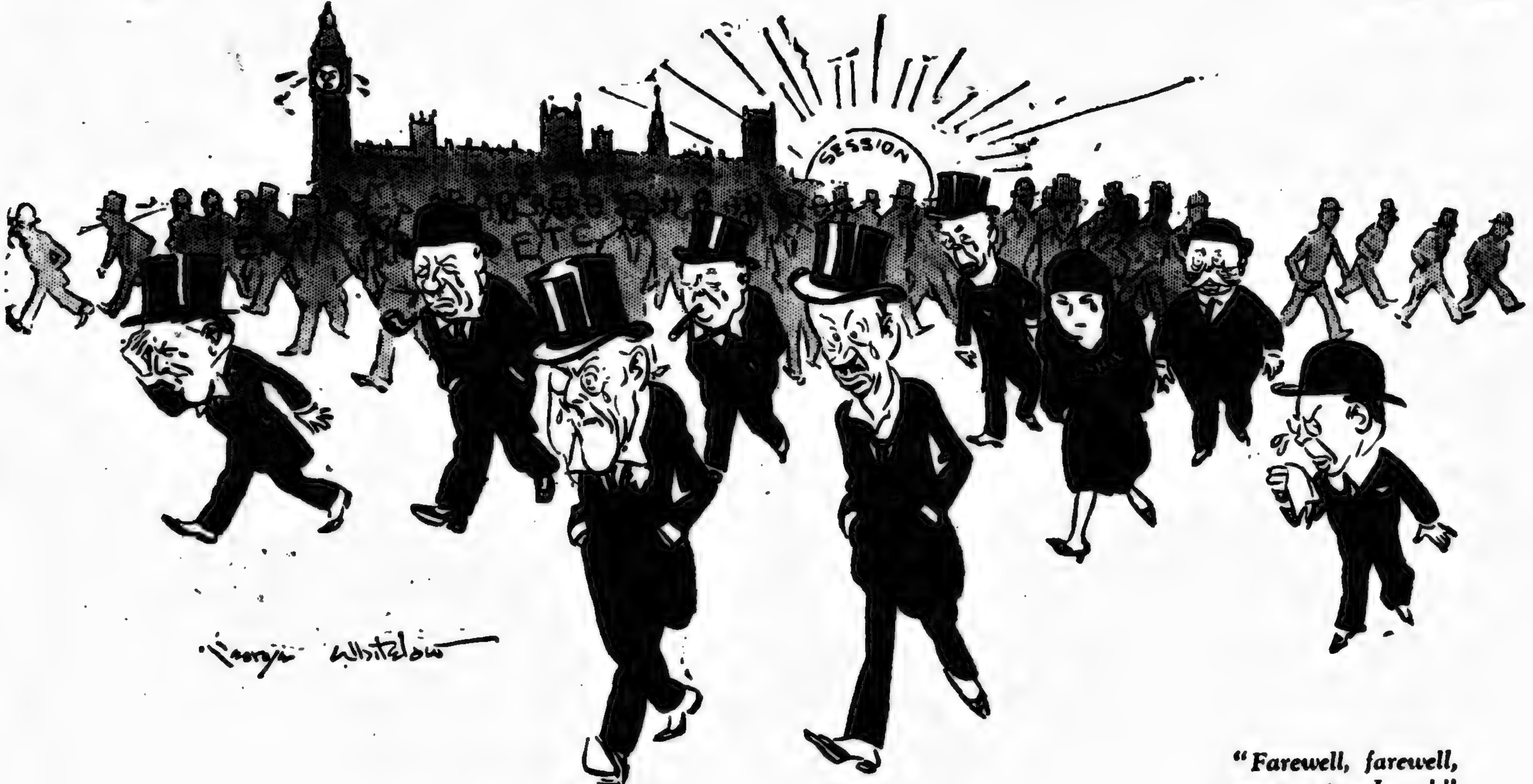
10 *for* 6d.

Sarony

20 *for* 1/-

YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd.



"Farewell, farewell, my own true Love!"

What Will MOTHER Say?

Without Fear or Favour

by the Editor

WHATEVER the result of the General Election, there has already taken place a silent revolution in British politics.

In 1924 the balance of political power was quite definitely in the hands of men. They outnumbered the women voters by something like 3,000,000.

To-day, the balance is equally definitely in the hands of women. The new register, with the enfranchisement of five and a half million new women voters, has reduced men to a minority in all but a handful of constituencies.

Women unquestionably have the power to dominate politics—if they care to use it. Whether they will is a horse of quite another colour.

With a tremendous increase in the electoral register—it has jumped from 22,000,000 in 1924 to 28,000,000 to-day—a greatly increased poll might well be expected. We wonder!

We are inclined to think that those who prophesy this will be wrong. We should not be surprised to see the smallest proportionate poll on record.

For, when it comes to politics, women are much more sensible than men. As not a few canvassers and candidates have already found out, women want to know quite definitely what promises mean when translated into terms of housekeeping and pounds, shillings and pence.

SO far they have had 4d. off tea, and they have not been slow to point out that, by a curious coincidence, it has immediately gone on to bacon and other commodities.

It is quite typical of the way women are looking on politics with severely practical eyes; and no amount of froth and glitter will get them to the ballot-box on May 30. Nothing but concrete and detailed proposals will do that.

This is symptomatic of the steady decline in recent years of Parliamentary influence on the minds of the people. More and more, Party politics have been found out, and politicians have steadily been bringing themselves and their institutions into contempt.

If women have any real interest in politics, it is in the establishment of peace.

Viscount Cecil, in urging people to ignore everything except returning to Westminster men who, irrespective of Party, can be trusted to achieve real international peace and security, though stressing the obvious, got to the root of the matter.

And women are perfectly right to regard peace as their first interest, for the preparation of peace is the only prevention of war. Now, and not when war is threatened, is women's chance to exert their influence.

We believe that women have got that well in their minds, for they are practical enough to see that all the promises and pledges of the politicians can bring them no benefit and no relief unless the fear and threat of war is removed from their lives.

We have never been among those who looked with dismay at the complete enfranchisement of women. We believe, on the contrary, that it will not be long before they will exert such a practical influence in national life that they will bring the politicians down to solid earth and restore to Parliament the prestige it has so transparently lost.

* * *

THE hollowness of a great deal of political caterwauling is exposed by some remarkable figures recently given by Mr. Walter Runciman.

Basing his estimates on official returns, he declares that no fewer than fifteen million small investors have holdings in such things as savings-banks, building and friendly societies and co-operative societies.

Shoals of Capitalists

Their total investments come to the astonishing sum of £2,158,900,000—and even this leaves out of account small investments in such things as bank shares and railway stocks.

A statement like this rather upsets the Communist assumption that the nation is divided into two classes, capitalists and wage-slaves; and the immensity of the figures provides a real guide to the "distribution of wealth."

Nor could anything be clearer than the fact that, bad as things may be, they might well be a good deal worse. There is not much fundamentally wrong with a nation that can produce such a spectacle of widespread thrift as that.

IF we say that we are not unduly impressed by the decision to ratify the Geneva Protocol prohibiting the use in warfare of poisonous gases and bacteriological weapons, we do not mean that we are not heartily in favour of it. We are. So is everyone else with an ounce of common-sense. Humanity everywhere is in favour of any and every attempt to eliminate the weapons of war.

All Alike Bad

If we are not unduly impressed it is because to attempt to eliminate this barbarity or that atrocity from war is merely to tinker with the problem. War itself is the supreme barbarity, and if we are going to permit war it doesn't seem to us to matter overmuch with what particular weapons we set out to destroy mankind and wreck civilisation.

If gas and microbes are bad, so are rifles, bayonets, tanks, battleships and submarines. It is the height of cynical self-deception to pretend that war can ever be "humanised."

It can be perpetuated or it can be eliminated—there is no middle way.

It will be perpetuated, despite the Kellogg Pact, just so long as nations retain the delusive belief that war can settle disputes and solve national problems. Its elimination will march step by step with the disappearance of that belief—and that process has begun.

So far as any proposal keeps the idea of disarmament alive we welcome it wholeheartedly, but we, in common with the peoples of the world, wait impatiently for the day when the Great Powers will follow the example of Denmark and, instead of talking about disarmament, will disarm.

IT is the burden of armaments, more than any other thing, that keeps the world impoverished, and so universal has that knowledge become that no statesman dare do other than pay lip-service to the world's desire to see that crushing burden lifted.

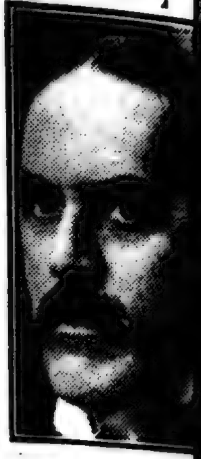
It is now a race with Death, for unless within the next ten years statesmen can translate their talk into effective action there is no doubt at all that the final cataclysm will occur to hurl civilisation into the abyss.

Sir John Ellerman is "carefully guarded by secretaries." But not this time

Dr. Henri Dreyfus is full of "brightness and gay conceit" and—

—like his brother, Dr. Camille Dreyfus rose from nothing at all

Mr. Henry S. Horne. "His idea can be put in one word—cement."



Lord St. Davids " rectory . . . solem cath"

MOST millionaires are shy. It is easier to make large sums of money if no fierce light of publicity beats upon your doings.

That is why the ordinary man in the street knows practically nothing of the real powers that rule him—the men with the money.

Some of them are so rich that they themselves hardly know how much they possess. Yet they pass unknown in the most crowded streets. Their names very rarely get into the papers. They wield immense power, yet the public knows nothing of them.

One of the shyest millionaires in the world is Mr. Frank Tiarks, of the great international banking house of J. Henry Schröder and Co., which, among other things, looks after the Papal finances.

Mr. Tiarks is a director of the Bank of England, and he comes of an old German family, which had its first link with England when his grandfather married an English girl.

His parents settled in England, and when young Frank Tiarks was old enough they sent him as a cadet on H.M.S. *Britannia*. He served there for seven years, and afterwards became a lieutenant-commander in the R.N.V.R. But he left it as soon as he could and went into a bank.

Armenian genius

Since then he has gone steadily onwards, very discreetly extending and extending his influence, until to-day Schröders rivals Rothschilds as one of the great powers in international finance.

He lives in Davies Street, Berkeley Square, London, and collects pictures in his spare time.

He has brought his son, Mr. Henry Tiarks, into the firm, and is teaching him the inside history of Europe. They often go off together on long Continental trips, and after one of these trips there is usually something of importance "doing" in the financial world.

Mr. C. S. Gulbenkian, another of the shyest rich men, must be worth at least £15,000,000; yet he is practically unknown.

"C. S." stands for Calouste Sarkis, and the owner of the name is an Armenian who became a British citizen many years ago. He is fifty now, but he has not lost the art of making money.

He dines often at the Embassy Club, sitting alone, a burly figure with heavy features and a large, hooked nose.

He came to England when he was nineteen, and settled in Liverpool to learn the business of a general merchant.

Then his father died and left him £30,000. But young Gulbenkian worked the harder.

He became acquainted with another Armenian named Olantachoff, a man who could hardly read or write.

From Olantachoff, Gulbenkian learnt the diplomacy of finance, and he learnt also the value of oil. His fortune has been built up on oil—concessions gained in Turkey, the Near East generally, and South America.

You'd never think it

One of the concessions he obtained was that of the vast oil-fields of Iraq, now controlled jointly by English, French, American and German oil interests through the Turkish Petroleum Company, believed to be the richest oil-field in the world.

He still retains a 5 per cent. interest in that field, but the rest he sold.

What does he do with his money? He has a house in Lancaster Gate, London, and another on the Avenue d'Jena, Paris. There are also several other residences of his scattered about the East.

He has a collection of pictures reputed to be worth more than £2,000,000, but he very rarely shows them, even to his friends.

Let us consider next a more prosaical millionaire, Mr. Samuel Courtauld, head of the vast artificial silk firm which bears his name.

Mr. Courtauld is like Mr. Gulbenkian in three things—he hates publicity, he loves pictures, and he very rarely smiles. There the resemblance stops.

To look at Mr. Courtauld you would never think he was a millionaire.

He has a habit of first putting on and then taking off his spectacles as he talks, as though he is always a little shy.

Yet the story of Courtaulds is one of the great romances of the modern business world. It has made fortunes for thousands of people.

It supplies women all over the world with artificial silk stockings and lingerie, evening frocks and fancy scarves. It controls directly or indirectly 70 per cent. of the world's production of artificial silk, and its power spreads from England to Japan, from China to America.

Like a fairy story

To Mr. Samuel Courtauld more than any man the flapper of today owes it that she can dress as charmingly as any rich woman on a few pounds a year.

You would think that when he contemplated that fact Mr. Courtauld would smile. But he does not—instead he whispers, "Let us be cautious!"

Though he takes his pleasures sadly, he is the only millionaire of to-day who dares to be a patron of the arts after the old fashion.

Instead of collecting old masters he supports modern artists whom he thinks will be great some day. There is a colony of them in Bloomsbury living on the Courtauld patronage while they paint masterpieces.

It is the Courtauld millions also which help to support grand opera in this country, for he makes himself mainly responsible for the finances of a Covent Garden season. Sometimes, too, he goes skating. He has a private rink of his own.

If we want brightness and gay conceit, we must turn to another artificial silk millionaire—Dr. Henri Dreyfus, the head of British Celanese. Dr. Henri is as temperamental as Mr. Courtauld is calm.

Perhaps it is because he has not been a millionaire so long as his rival. Money to Dr. Henri is still great fun.

He is one of two brothers. The other is Dr. Camille Dreyfus, head of the Celanese Corporation of America.

Not many years ago they were both poor. They had nothing but a scientific training and an idea. The idea was for a new artificial silk process that would produce a fabric just as beautiful as real silk.

When they had perfected it they left Switzerland, where they were born.

Like the brothers in fairy stories, they shook hands and parted—one for England, the other for America, to seek fortune. Both of them found it.

Dr. Henri's chance came during the war, when his process was found to be so useful for making "dope" for airplane wings that the Government took a large financial interest in his company.

Dr. Henri, however, does not like a quiet life. After the war he started fighting. He wanted complete control of his company.

First he fought until he deposed the Government nominees on his board, including General Dawnay, the chairman.

Next he had a fight with Captain Alfred Lowenstein, the Belgian financier who had an interest in the company. That fight only ended when Lowenstein was killed by a fall out of an airplane over the Channel.

Now Dr. Henri rules in undisturbed sway over the fortunes of British Celanese. He has been successful in everything he wanted—but he still keeps £500,000 in hard cash in his bank ready to be drawn out at a minute's notice.

In appearance he is a smart man-about-town—very dapper and well-dressed, and he likes to be surrounded by many friends and the good things of life. In his private suite at a West End hotel he entertains royally.

A Dutchman who came to England to find fortune is Mr. Ricard, who controls the price of tin in most parts of the world.

Mr. Ricard arrived here when he was a young man.

Emperor ancestor

To-day he is the biggest power on the London Metal Exchange, which means the world so far as metal prices are concerned.

When he goes for a walk down Fenchurch Street, the other metal men follow him with anxious eyes, trying to guess what coup he is planning. When he stops suddenly before a shop window and hums to himself they know things will begin to move.

When he is not conducting vast operations in the metal markets of the world he lives at a pleasant house in Ashdown Forest and breeds Alsatian dogs. He loves to make them do parlour tricks; it gives him a sense of power.

For a change let us turn to a millionaire who belongs to one of the oldest families in Great Britain, Lord St. Davids, who is so rich that in the City he is called "Mr. L.S.D."

He can trace his family tree back to the Roman Emperor Maximus.

For ordinary purposes, and to save space, however, he begins it with Cadifer-ap-Cohben, who was one time King of Wales.

He is the son of Canon Sir James Erasmus Philipps, and was brought up in the atmosphere of a country rectory and under the kindly shelter of Salisbury Cathedral.

He stands 6 ft. 3 in. in his stockinged feet, so that he is a big man in the City in many ways. Even so, however, he is not as tall

MONEY has not spoiled These Shy MILLIONAIRES

as his brother, Lord Kylsant, the shipping peer, who is 6 ft. 7 in.!

Though ancient, the family of Philipps was poor, and Lord St. Davids' father, the Canon, had little but the title. In his youthful days in the rectory his son solemnly took oath that he would buy back the ancestral castle in Pembrokeshire.

When he became a rich man, that was the first thing he did, and now he lives where all his ancestors ruled.

He has made his money in investment trusts of all kinds, many of them being mainly interested in land in South America.

He has the perfect financial mind—cautious, yet able to seize upon any chance.

There is another millionaire who rivals Lord St. Davids in the length of his family-tree. He is Lord Winchester, the premier Marquess of England, and the most aristocratic draper in the world.

Golf and lucre

Lord Winchester is head of the Drapery Trust, which embraces stores all over England. He is chairman of many other companies as well, and is so busy that he usually looks a little out of breath.

He is rather short and very bald, but he wears an eyeglass with more skill than any other man in finance.

Whenever he can escape he goes off to South Africa for big-game shooting.

Lord Winchester is brave, but there is another millionaire who is perhaps even braver. He is Mr. Herbert Guedalla, chairman of the Lena Goldfields, and many other famous mining companies.

Mr. Tiarks "very discreetly extending and extending"

Mr. Guedalla is married to Miss Edith Leitch, the woman golf champion, yet his courage is such that he often plays golf with his wife for money!

It was golf which started their romance. They met first at a country house and played a round of golf together.

Miss Leitch taught the business man a stroke or two, and he was grateful. He could not forget those lessons, and thirteen years later he asked his instructress to marry him.

If he had not been a millionaire he might have been an actor. He loves to mix with stage people, and perhaps knows more funny stories than any other man in the City.

Incidentally, he is the only British business man the Soviet Government really likes—because he makes them keep to their word.

He went into Russia when most Englishmen would have been frightened of being shot at sight, and talked a few words of sound common-sense to the Soviet leaders.

Mr. Herbert Guedalla "often plays golf with his wife for money"

As a result, they gave him back the Lena Goldfields concession, and while the rest of the business world stormed about having their Russian property stolen, he went quietly ahead, mining his concession and building a large fortune.

Mr. Henry S. Horne, who can now claim the title of the Cement King of Great Britain, as well as being financially interested in a large number of newspapers both at home and abroad, started his career as a stockbroker.

He had one great asset, a wonderful charm of manner. When he left the Stock Exchange he turned this charm to such good account that he was able to raise sufficient money to back his big idea.

Lord Winchester, interested in drapery, "whenever he can escape, goes off for big game shooting"

His idea can be put in one word, "cement." He saw that motors would call for the building of many new roads, and that would increase the demand for cement.

He has now wonderfully succeeded, and is "king" of British cement. Now he has gone into newspapers. He thinks the Continent wants papers on the English model, and he has started Anglo-Foreign Newspapers to provide them.

Lately he has turned farmer. He has a wonderful farm run on the most modern lines. It started as a hobby, but now it is a business as well.

Another millionaire who will probably make a lot more money is Mr. Philip E. Hill, who recently bought Olympia for £1,000,000.

Mr. Hill is a Devonshire man who made a fortune in Cardiff out of building concrete ships. Then he started to build concrete houses and lost it all again.

That did not bother him. He immediately started to make another, this time out of deals in real estate. Not long ago he bought Lord Derby's Bootle estate for £1,750,000.

He is also chairman of Covent Garden Estates, and is now planning to pull down the Royal Opera House as soon as the lease falls in. There will probably be a row from all the music-lovers in London, but Mr. Hill loves a fight.

He is a large man, with a very red face and a hearty laugh.

Major J. S. Courtauld, of the millionaire family, cannot avoid publicity as M.P.

The happiest millionaire of all, however, is probably Mr. Bernhard Barron, the chairman of the famous tobacco firm of Carreras. Mr. Barron is happy because he knows how to give away money.

He started life as a poor errand-boy in New York, and made his first money out of a cigarette-making machine which he invented. Now when he is old and a millionaire many times over, he remembers the poor were once his friends.

His workpeople love him because he sees that they have perfect working conditions. He has solved the problem of what to do with money, and he is happy.

Sir John Ellerman is the shyest shipowner in the world. He is a millionaire several times over and controls more than 220 ships, but he never gives interviews or makes public speeches.

He has an office in Moorgate, in the City, where he is carefully guarded by secretaries and commissionaires. No one can see him without a letter of appointment.

He sits in his quiet office at the top of Ellerman House, and moves his large fleet of ships like chessmen on a board.

Keeps in touch

He possesses a memory which is the envy of all his friends, and can give at any minute the position of any one of the ships he owns and to where she is going next.

Cables are sent out by him to all parts of the world, giving orders, so that ships can take advantage of changes in freight rates.

Sir John is interested also in breweries and investment companies.

When he wants a holiday he retires to a large castle in Aberdeenshire and goes shooting. But he still keeps in touch with his office by telephone.

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Manikins are only 2d. apiece—They *satisfy* and outlast many cigarettes—that's why they are real economy smokes.

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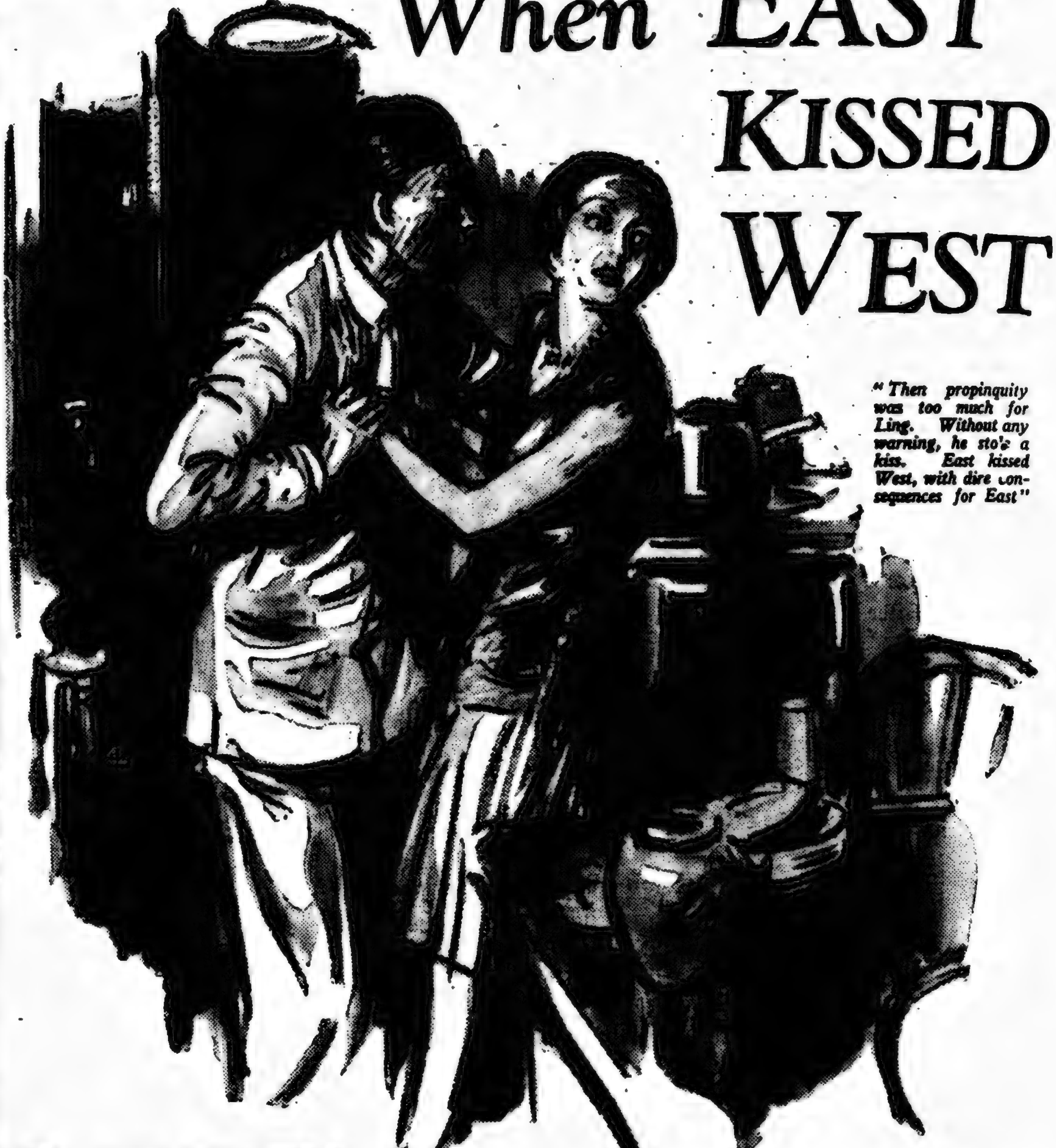
Real Life Stories

When EAST KISSED WEST



"Then propinquity was too much for Ling. Without any warning, he stole a kiss. East kissed West, with dire consequences for East"

A TRUE STORY BY

HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL

(Illustrated by Alfred Sindall)

IF a professed writer of fiction is asked to tell a true story, he is, I take it, "on honour" to do so without any vagabondage into the realm of fancy.

What I am about to set down happened exactly as I relate it.

When I was living in California, nearly forty years ago, I went to stay with a friend who had just bought a small ranch about one hundred miles south of San Francisco, in the foothills of the Santa Cruz mountains, a ranch encompassed by lordly redwoods, monarchs of the forest primeval.

It is difficult to convey the sense of isolation which these rude clearings inspire. As a rule, the few who have thus withdrawn from what we call civilisation are pioneers, primitive folk, content with what Nature can give, intensely self-centred, defiant to strangers, regarding them with hostile eyes as trespassers upon their privacy,

But here and there are exceptions, men and women, highly cultured, who, for reasons of their own, disdain the friction of human intercourse.

My friend was not one of these. He had bought his clearing because it was cheap, because the soil was adapted to the Cabernet-Sauvignon grape, and because all land values at that time were swiftly increasing. He spoke of his ranch to me as a "business proposition," which indeed it proved to be.

Probably I expressed some sympathy because he and his charming wife were so remote from congenial neighbours. To my surprise he said:

"To-morrow you are going to dine, and dine well, with a German lady not half a mile away. After dinner we shall have some good music."

Perhaps I looked incredulous. A good dinner—good music—at the Back of Beyond! He continued:

"She was in her day a well-known pianiste. She has a concert grand piano and an excellent Chinese cook. You may be even more interested to hear that she is the proud mother of an attractive daughter."

I recall vividly the talk that followed. At that time, throughout the State, the Caucasian was bent upon driving out the Heathen Chinee. There had been riots in my county, intimidation, and a case or two of tar-and-feathering.

As an employer of Chinese labour (not cheap) I had been warned by a gang, who called themselves "The Coon Dogs," to get rid of my Chinks or take the consequences.

I refused to get rid of them; there were no consequences. The point must be stressed that I liked my Chinks and refused to think ill of them. Horrible stories were in circulation about their habits and vices, which I, and many others, ridiculed as grossly exaggerated.

Our talk turned upon the inexpediency, to put it mildly, of two women employing a Chinaman. The mother and daughter were alone in a small house at night; the Chink and a hired man slept in an outhouse.

In holding some sort of brief for the Chink, I had against me both my host and his wife. My host, I remember, maintained stoutly that between Oriental and Occidental lay an unbridgeable gulf. However, we agreed to disagree.

I shall call the lady Frau Tausig, taking the name of a once famous virtuoso. She entertained us handsomely, spoke of her cook as a "treasure," and played to us after dinner magnificently. *She played as Tausig played.*

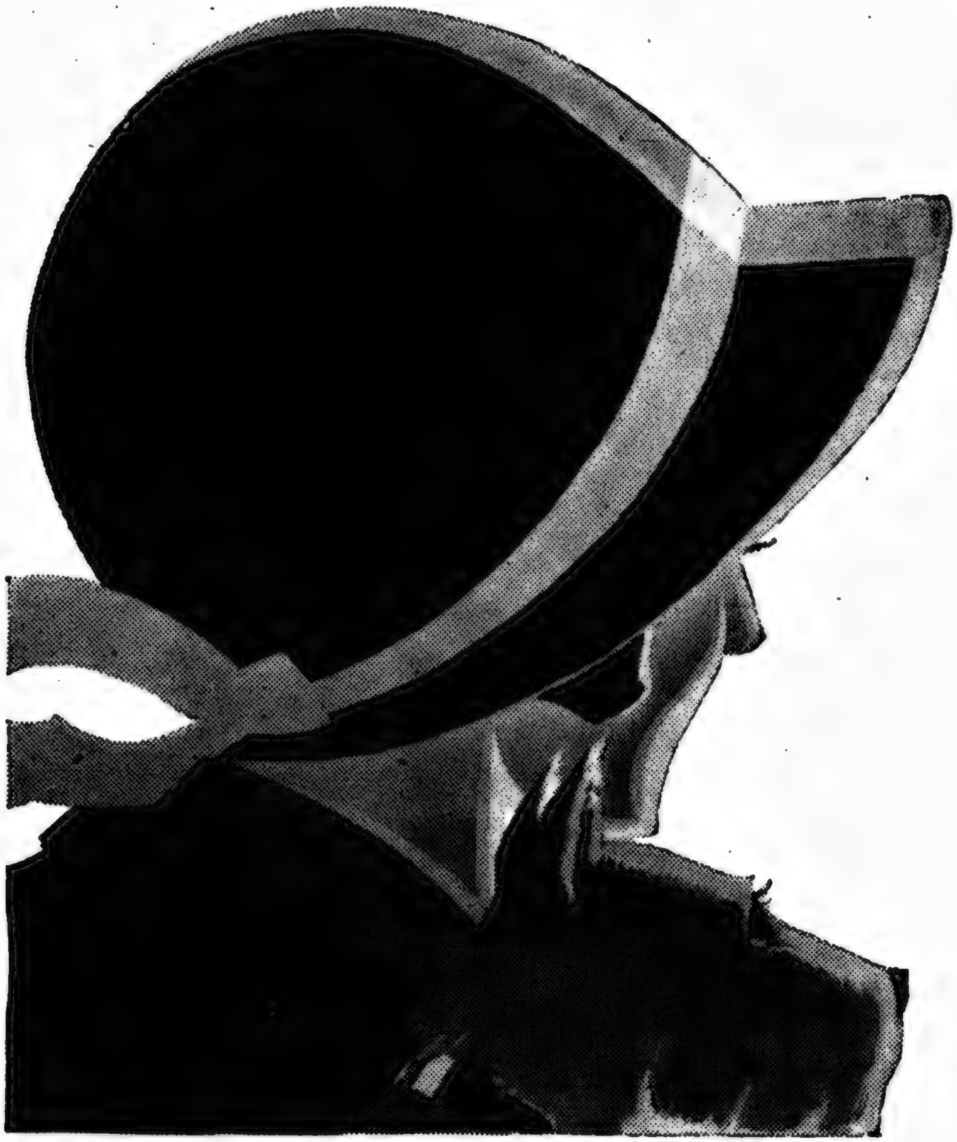
THE Fräulein was a young girl about eighteen, well-informed, attractive, and as modest as a *mädchen* should be.

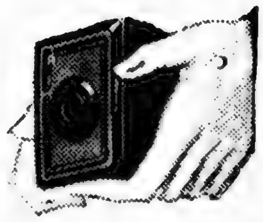
Inevitably there was more talk about the Chinese. Nobody had brought pressure to bear upon Frau Tausig to get rid of her Chink; and she was very pleased to hear that I had refused to part with mine.

Let us speak of her cook as Ling. Ling, it seemed, had been with the Tausigs for four or five years. They liked Ling, and Ling liked them.

He served them well and faithfully; he had refused a higher wage, offered by a banker's wife in the county town; he endured cheerfully exile from his own Chinatown; he had made both mother and daughter quite expensive

(Continued on page 24)





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In any of the following six smart colours; Blue, Claret, Green, Grey, Red, Brown, 19/6.

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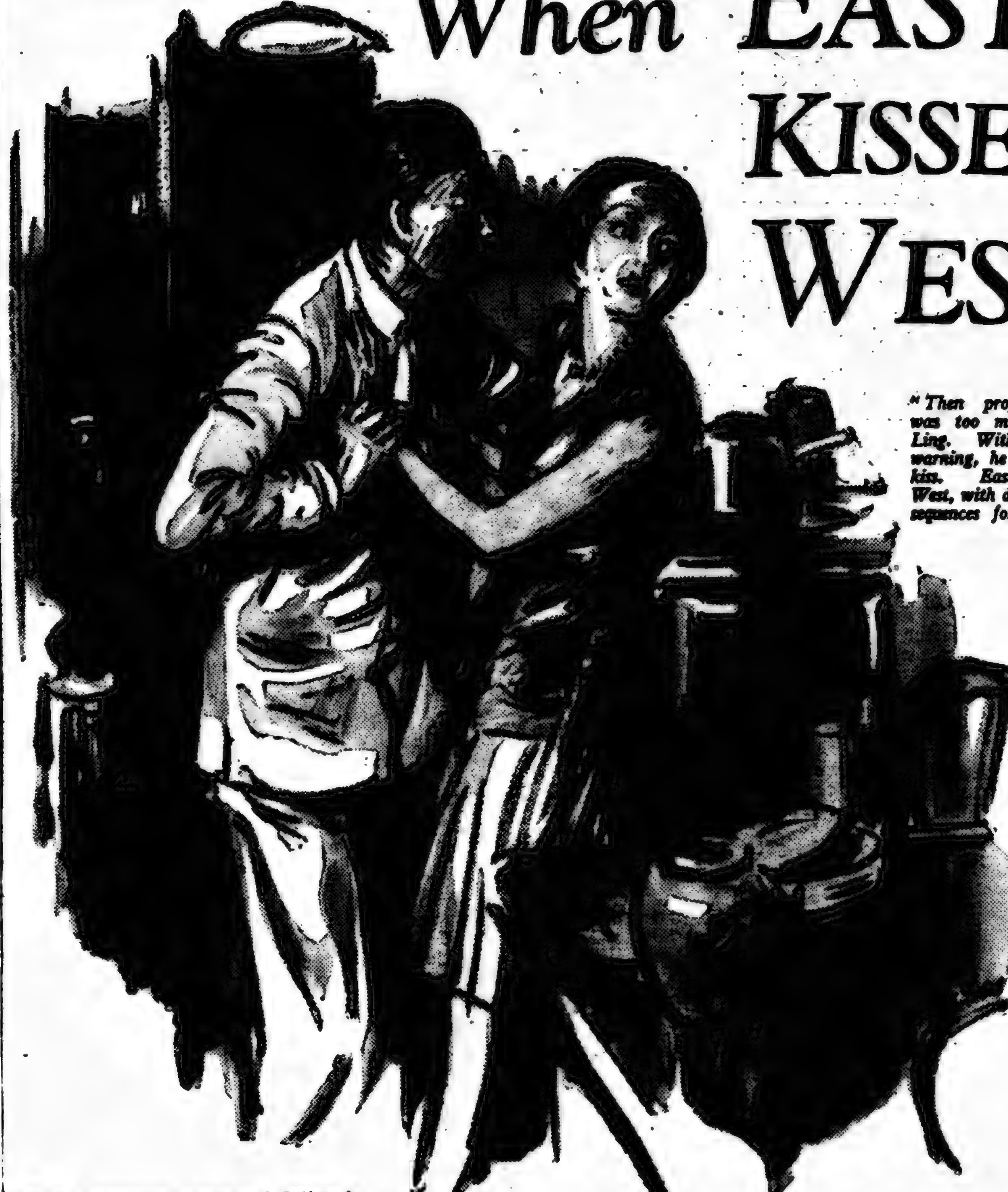

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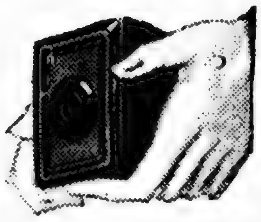

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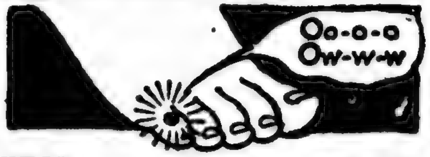

When Corns Talk

The least sign of rain, or a touch of dampness in the air, and corns begin to talk! A piercing cry of agony shoots through your toe. Oh!! The hurt of it. And soon your toe is red and inflamed and burning with pain, so tender you cannot bear to touch it. Then is the moment to plunge your foot into a soothing Radox foot bath and get that corn out root and all, painlessly. You will feel the pain and soreness being drawn out.

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"Bring quick relief to aching feet"

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Half Pound Pink Packet

He sleeps like a child

Blissful slumber is the reward of bodily well-being. If you're really healthy, Life's little worries won't keep you awake. You will never need sheep-counting tactics to reach the Land of Nod. And you will rise every morning like a giant refreshed, braced up for the day's battle by the world's finest tonic—a good night's sleep. Read this letter:—

"For five years I suffered with pains in the head and sleeplessness. I dozed off for about one hour each night. After trying everything, having my teeth out, under the doctor without relief, I tried Kruschen Salts—a teaspoonful each morning for six weeks, and then as much as would cover a sixpence for six days, and on Sunday morning half a spoonful. After the first week I got three hours' sleep, at the end of the second week a full night's sleep—9.30 to 5.30 a.m., when I have to get up. I have had six bottles of Kruschen and hope to have 66. The dose I take now is as much as will lie on the handle of a spoon, each morning. So pleased is my wife with the improvement I have made that she is taking Kruschen now, though she did not believe in it before. She has been suffering with swelled legs and feet, and weighed in August last 14 stone 4 ounces—very seldom fit enough to go out walking. After taking Kruschen Salts for two weeks, her flabbiness has gone, legs and feet feel easier."

H. A. S., London, S.E.10.
4th April, 1929.

Start on Kruschen *to-morrow.* In a week's time you'll be wondering how ever you got on in the old days without this splendid aid to fitness.

Tasteless in Tea

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness.
Start to-morrow.

"When East Kissed West"

—Continued from page 22

presents, embroideries and a tiny jar of authentic antique enamel. Frau Tausig said emphatically:

"Ling is my good friend; and I trust him, yes, to dust my piano. Soh!"

I made Ling's acquaintance within a day or two. He looked what I took him to be—a scrupulously clean, courteous, capable Oriental.

If he "bit the pipe," as no doubt he did, he bore about him no signs of the opium fiend. I congratulated Frau Tausig upon having such a quiet, hardworking, trustworthy fellow.

Ling, so it transpired afterwards, was in love with the Fräulein. Other Chinks knew it. When Ling's name became a by-word from Shasta to San Diego, enterprising reporters portrayed him as a poet writing celestial sonnets to the Fräulein's lily-white skin and pellucid eyes, vignettes in verse which, for aught we know to the contrary, may have been published in far Cathay.

ANYWAY, Chinatown knew that Ling cherished a mad passion for a beautiful white devil.

We must credit him with what is his due. For love of a little German girl, knowing as he must have done that his love could never be returned, he lived on this remote ranch, cut off from his compatriots, from his "fan-tan," from his chop-suey, from everything, in fine, that compensates a Chink for leaving China.

Once a month he went to Chinatown for a few hours; and Chinatown, probably, jeered at him.

The Fräulein was in and out of the kitchen twenty times a day, but it is certain that she never suspected the truth. And then propinquity was too much for Ling. Without any warning, he stole a kiss. East kissed West, with dire consequences for East.

The terrified girl fled from the kitchen into the back-yard, where the hired man happened to be chopping wood. Had she gone to her mother, that very capable person would have dealt faithfully and promptly with Ling. He would have left her service that same afternoon.

The Fräulein told a native son of the Golden West that the Chink had kissed her. If this were fiction, not fact, the hired man might be presented as one of the points of the eternal triangle.

HE was nothing of the sort. I can't recall him at all, but I must have seen him. He earned his thirty dollars a month as groom, gardener and cowman; unless my memory fails me, he had been only recently engaged.

Being what he was, ignorant, prejudiced, and conceited, he looked down upon all Chinks, as the poor white trash south of Mason-Dixon's line looks down upon negroes.

Nevertheless, he told the girl to go to her mother, which she did. The hired man, as soon as she was out of the way, provided himself with a rawhide "quirt" and marched into the kitchen. He testified that he gave Ling a hiding. He left Ling crumpled up on the floor, and went back to his "chores."

The hiding could not have been too severe a castigation, because, twenty minutes later, when Frau Tausig entered the kitchen, Ling had disappeared.

A lumberman (I think) gave evidence that he had seen a Chinaman running down the road, evidently in a hurry to leave the neighbourhood.

A regrettable incident seemed to be closed.

• • •

On the following morning, Frau Tausig rose early to prepare breakfast. In the middle of the kitchen lay Ling—dead as mutton!

What did this remarkable woman do?

I submit that what she did justifies this story and places her upon a pinnacle of common-sense. I feel sure that she was desperately sorry for Ling, and terribly upset.

The punishment was grotesquely in excess of the crime. She guessed at once that death had been self-inflicted. An Oriental had refused to survive the disgrace of being thrashed by a white man, thrashed with a whip used upon horses and mules. Instinct or intuition must have told her that.

She was not familiar with the workings of the Oriental mind; she had never lived in the East; she had engaged Ling quite unaware that no Californian woman living alone with a daughter would have done so.

What she did, therefore, with no previous experience to help her, is the more astonishing.

She left Ling where she found him, went out of the kitchen, and summoned the hired man and her daughter; she instructed them not to touch any article of food in the ranch-house; she took them to a neighbour, who provided beans and bacon for the three; and after breakfast she collected samples of coffee, sugar, tea, flour and salt out of her own kitchen.

Then, with the Chink left stark in his self-appointed morgue, she drove into the county town and interviewed the sheriff or his deputy. Authority removed the Chink.

Strychnine was found in all the samples taken by Frau Tausig. Other consumable stores were destroyed.

Evidence was forthcoming to show that Ling, between three in the afternoon and five the next morning, had visited Chinatown. There he had procured strychnine for the others and a less violent poison for himself.

We must envisage him stealing back to the ranch-house, almost dead with fatigue, animated to a terrific feat of endurance, and achieving his objective—the infliction of an agonising death upon the two women who had treated him with unvarying kindness, and upon the man who had disgraced him for ever in his own eyes.

WE can think of him at the last lying down to drift away in a painless sleep. And, as he closed his eyes, we may wonder if his thoughts dwelt upon some flowery kingdom where there are no distinctions of colour. Hate must have driven out love. He could not have thought with any tenderness of his beautiful white devil. . . .

Authority complimented the lady whose amazing uncommon commonsense had saved three lives.

Frau Tausig never employed a Chink again, but, having a sense of humour, she mourned the loss of a good cook.

Revenge is so sweet to the Oriental. What would a white man have done? Conceivably he might have wrecked the concert grand piano.

• • •

I recall three faces. Frau Tausig bore a faint resemblance to the immortal Rubinstein, whom she adored: the same dominating chin and brow, a firm mouth, small, dark, alert eyes.

The Fräulein was softly feminine, a creature of gracious curves, with shy, timid, forget-me-not blue eyes and pink, sensuous lips.

The hired man, poor fellow, was the most affected by this (to him) utterly unforeseen tragedy. His face is a blank. The Chink's face is before me now—yellow, unwrinkled, bland, derisive, an indecipherable mask.

LONG afterwards I told this tale to a Chink in my service, a faithful, intelligent man, who was with me for seven years. He listened, mildly interested, nodding his head like a blanc-de-Chine mandarin.

He gave me to understand that what had happened was inevitable from his point of view; and he explained (and almost excused) the stolen kiss.

"Some Chinaboy heap likes lil white gal."

"And where," I asked, "do you think that Ling has gone?"

He answered gravely: "I no sabee."

NEXT WEEK:

"Old Cat's Lane,"

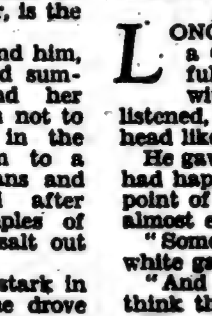
S. ANDREW WOOD'S

Story of Real Life

We Play the Good Samaritan

"John Bull's" £100 Cheque

THIS is the story of a good Samaritan—Mrs. Readhead, of 8, Collins Avenue, Norton-on-Tees, Stockton, a registered reader of JOHN BULL.



Our reader, who was the victim of a motor accident a year ago, from which she had not fully recovered, had insisted on nursing a friend. For many nights she watched by the bedside.

Shortly afterwards came the tragedy. Mrs. Readhead was cleaning the windows in her home, when in some way she overbalanced, and fell backwards on to a table.

In spite of her injuries, which were very serious, she rallied, but on getting out of bed one morning she collapsed and died.

It was the opinion of the doctor who attended her that the care she had lavished on her friend had left her in too weak a condition to get over the shock.

• • •

JOHN BULL has now despatched to her widower a cheque for £100 under its Great Free Insurance Gift.

"Cleaning windows!"—who would think that deadly danger could lurk in such a simple and homely occupation, yet JOHN BULL has despatched many cheques to readers on account of this one kind of accident alone.

Accident, Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness—JOHN BULL covers its readers against all these risks, and now that even the children may share in the benefits offered, JOHN BULL'S Gift is more than ever before the most practical and beneficial free insurance in the world.

The many other payments made this week, together with registration forms, will be found on page 38.

They are convincing proof, you will find, of the value of being a registered reader of JOHN BULL.

Facts and figures speak for themselves. To delay registration is to delay not only a feeling of personal security, but duty towards your dependents.

A glance at your daily paper suffices to show you the risks you run.

So, not only read your JOHN BULL but regard it as your protector—and sign to-day!

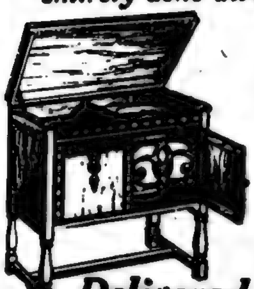
The most SENSATIONAL OFFER ever made!

FIRST MONTH'S PAYMENT ENTIRELY ABOLISHED!

Read this personal guarantee by the Director-Manager

NOT only has the old-fashioned Deposit System been abolished, but the Midland Galleries have *entirely done away with all initial payments.*

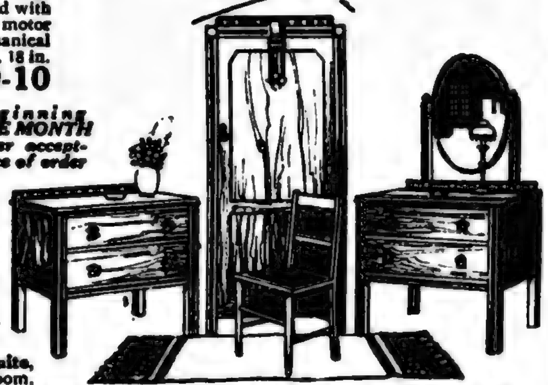
As Director-Manager I give my personal guarantee to deliver the furniture selected to all approved accounts for one month's use before any payment is made. From the moment of our acceptance of the order it is covered by our Free Fire and Life Insurance. And the purchaser receives my signed guarantee giving full protection in case of illness, accident, unemployment or other misfortune.



Delivered without any payment

'Yagerphone' Console Model. Case constructed of beautifully figured Oak finished a rich antique brown, with square legs—a novel feature. It is fitted with a Garrard double spring motor and all the latest mechanical improvements. 35 in. high, 18 in. deep 30½ in. wide **£10-10**

Purchase effected by 35 equal payments of **6/-** PER MONTH *beginning ONE MONTH after acceptance of order*

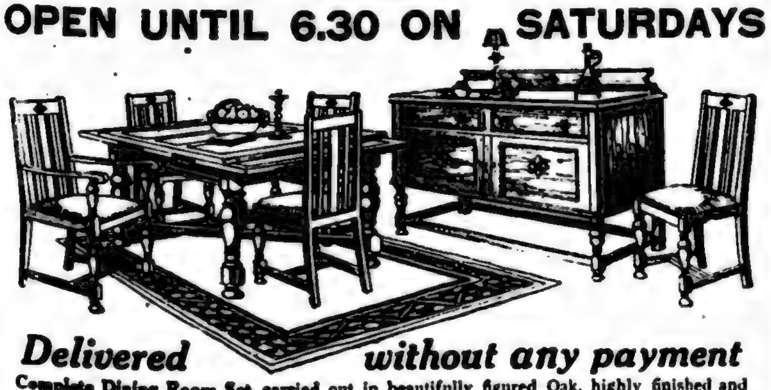


Delivered without any payment

A charming Bedroom Suite, suitable for a small room, soundly constructed of Oak and comprising Wardrobe which is fitted inside with mirror and hooks. Dressing Table fitted 2 drawers and frameless mirror, chest of 2 drawers and one rush or cane seat chair. The Suite complete **£14-17-6**

Purchase effected by 36 equal payments of **8/6** PER MONTH *beginning ONE MONTH after acceptance of order.*

OPEN UNTIL 6.30 ON SATURDAYS



Delivered without any payment

Complete Dining Room Set, carried out in beautifully figured Oak, highly finished and polished a rich antique brown: comprising 4 ft. Sideboard, fitted two drawers and two cupboards, right-hand drawer being lined green baize and divided for Cutlery. Draw-leaf Dining Table, 4 small Chairs and one Carver **£21-0-0**

Purchase effected by 36 equal payments of **11/9** PER MONTH *beginning ONE MONTH after acceptance of order.*

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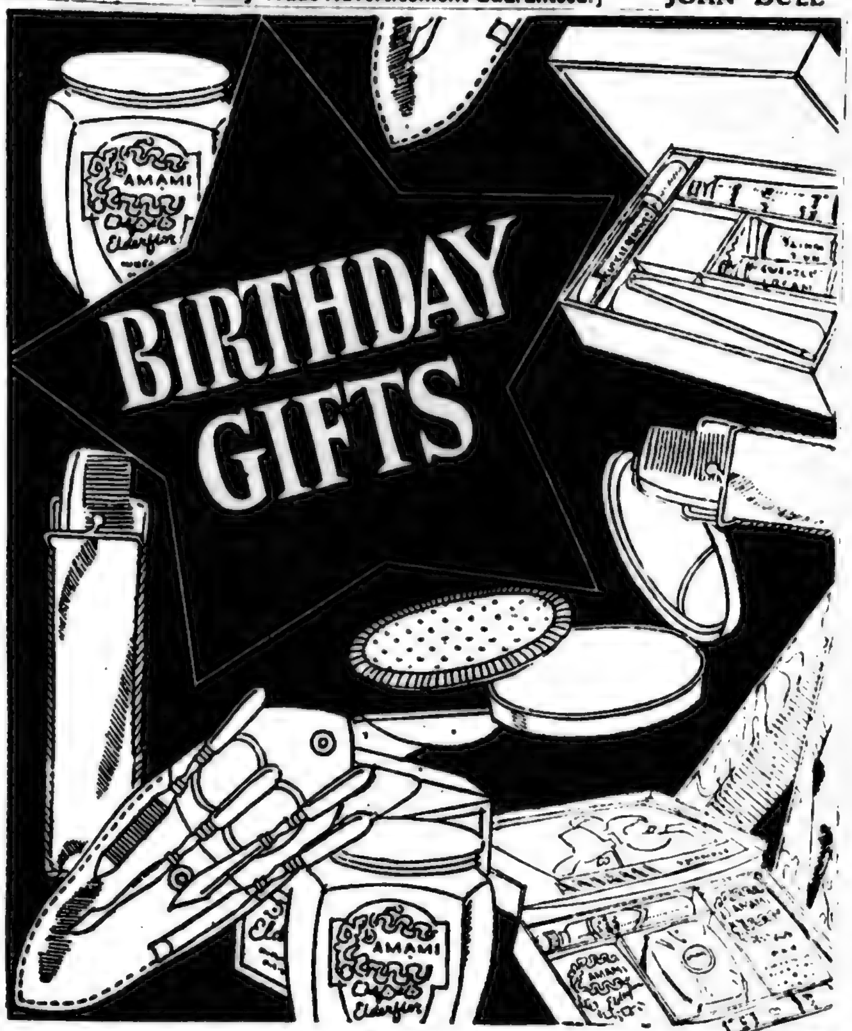
Midland Furnishing Co., Ltd.



IS MAY YOUR BIRTHDAY MONTH?

AMAMI girls are getting great fun out of a new version of an old game . . . . a game called "Open your mouth, shut your eyes and see what somebody sends you."

If you're an Amami girl . . . . *and if your birthday is this month* . . . . do join in the game. Just post the coupon for the special Amami Birthday folder, illustrating in full colours the many birthday presents which may so easily be yours . . . . if you make use of the free gift it contains. Send for it to-day!

AMAMI

Everybody's Shampoo ®

6d. and 3d. Sachets from Chemists and Hairdressers everywhere.

Post this coupon in an UNSEALED envelope (½d. stamp) to AMAMI LTD., 11, Broad Street, London, W.C.2.

You will receive a birthday message of very special interest to you.

Name..

Address..

JB ....

(10A)

Use 'O.K.' EVERY DAY

An impromptu Luncheon
CORNED BEEF

Now that fresh vegetables are scarce, 'O.K.' Sauce is doubly welcome.

It brings to your table the treasures of the garden, wholesome vegetables enriched with oranges, raisins, lemons and spices. Some sliced Corned Beef with 'O.K.' makes a tasty dish.

Mason's
'O.K.'
SAUCE
Home size now 6D
Family size 9D

Two extra to-day baker

It's like offering a bun to a bear to expect one Currant Loaf to satisfy the Sinclair family at tea-time—they all have such appetites for Currant Bread. After all, it's false economy to be sparing with such a wholesome and delicious treat. Let all the family eat as much Currant Bread as they can, but always insist on *real* Currants because *real* Currants contain the greatest food value of all dried fruits.

Make
CURRANT
BREAD
your daily bread

CENTRAL CURRANT OFFICE (LONDON) ADVT. DEPT. NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.4.

COCKFIGHT ORGIES in SECRET PITS

Arenas of Blood and Death

IT is an open secret that cock-fighting, the sport of kings and the king of brutal sports, still flourishes in many parts of the country in spite of every effort on the part of the police and the R.S.P.C.A. to suppress it.

After a lengthy investigation, we are able to say that the occasional rumours and arrests of which details are published in the Press, give only the faintest indication of what is taking place behind the scenes.

No illegal practice was ever guarded with closer secrecy than cock-fighting is guarded to-day.

In their efforts to catch the culprits, the police are up against men who have spent a life-time in evading justice with every twist and trick known to generations of the cock-fighting fraternity.

A snobbish vice

Not only is it indulged in to-day around certain villages in South Devon, Norfolk, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Cumberland, Westmorland and Northumberland, but exclusive cock-fighting clubs have been formed which hold mains in various rendezvous all over the country.

It is an extremely difficult matter to become a member of one of these clubs. It is also extremely expensive, the entrance-fee in some cases running into three figures.

Some of the biggest of these clubs have a membership which includes well-known racing men and prominent figures in society. One or two wealthy women are also members.

The prospects of discovery are so serious to these people that they are ready to pay large sums of money towards providing an unusually efficient intelligence service to safeguard them from the police.

Though cock-fighting is illegal, there is little secrecy about breeding gamecocks. Birds are now bred in many parts of the country by farmers and fanciers, particularly in the Northern moorland districts.

Wiped out

Extraordinary efforts are made to produce the finest fighting strain.

If ever a bird turns tail in a fight, a thing which rarely happens, not only is he destroyed, but as much of his family as can be traced is destroyed as well, so as to exterminate the dreaded "yellow streak."

On the other hand, if a bird is found with unusual courage, stamina and muscle, he is withdrawn from further fighting and used for breeding purposes.

The really crack birds fight only once, and that is as two-year-olds, or "stags" as they are called, at the big contests of the year.

Fifty pounds is not an exorbitant price to pay for a good cock, and as much as £500 has been paid for a tip-top bird.

Training is carried out in this way.

The birds are fed on a special diet and put through "sparring" contests. The diet varies. In Cumberland, egg bread with a little port wine is a favourite food for training.

For sparring practice the spurs of the cocks are fitted with india-rubber pads, or "boxing gloves" of chamois leather stuffed with horse-hair.

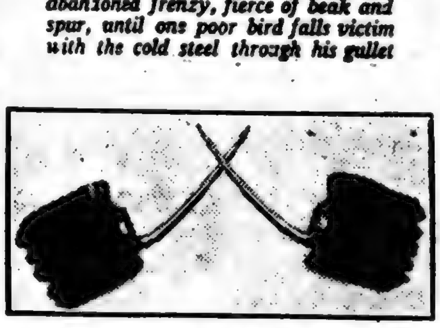
Ready to die

There are certain lonely spots on the Yorkshire wolds where young cocks are regularly matched against more seasoned birds.

As the day for a main draws near, the cocks are prepared for the fray. Their combs and wattles are cut, their wings clipped, and their necks and legs pulled or cropped.

No matter whether it is a big club tournament or one of the inter-county mains, which are held at Easter, and which continue a month, or well into the summer, according to how quickly the cocks are killed off, the time and place of the event are kept the closest secret.

Drunk, starved to desperation pitch, with the weapons of death strapped on, they fly into a merciless duel. See how they soar from tipsy calm to abandoned frenzy, fierce of beak and spur, until one poor bird falls victim with the cold steel through his gullet



With these devilish spurs, they tear at the feathers, the eyes, and the life of each other—while "sportsmen" laugh

Usually warning is given by word of mouth, or by code telegram, on the night before.

More than once news has been quietly given to the police that a main is to be held at a certain spot at a certain time, and when the latter have acted on this information they have drawn a blank, discovering later that the main was held, perhaps, a dozen miles in the opposite direction while they were safely out of the way.

When cock-fights are held near racing centres, such as Newmarket, which is a hotbed of the sport, the birds are usually conveyed in horse-boxes in ventilated and well-padded cases.

In other cases they are taken in various types of closed conveyances, generally by night.

The fights are held in a carpeted loose-box, a closed barn, a grassy hollow, or a deserted stretch of moor, the ground being cleared and beaten flat with spades.

At Newmarket, fights have been held recently in a specially constructed pit about 12 ft. square, fitted with baize-covered boards.

If it is an important event, a double line of scouts is posted, the outer one patrolling as much as a mile out from the rendezvous so as to be able to give ample warning if the police appear.

When all is ready, the first pair of birds are taken out of their bags or cases and weighed in, exactly as on the Turf or in the boxing-ring.

Then the terrible two-inch steel spurs, with deadly curves and points as sharp as needles, are fastened with leather gaiters to the flat-topped stumps of the cocks, which have been cut down for the purpose.

Blackguards' bets

A handful of grain, soaked in rum, is held out to each champion by his "handler," and as the poor creature, which has been starved for the occasion, gobbles it up, the fierce liquor fires his already highly-strung nature and gives him fury for the fight.

The crowd now forms a ring and brisk betting begins.

Among the miners in the North the bets are usually a matter of a few pounds, though at a main in West Cumberland held this Easter £60 was lost on an Indian gamecock which was killed by a little duckwing.

But among the moneyed members of the cock-fighting clubs the bets run into hundreds or even thousands.

A good deal of armchair betting takes place with well-known firms of Turf bookmakers, and the results of big fights are made known in London within a short time of the contests by code telegrams.

Just before the fight begins, the birds are held by their handlers, who stand in the opposite corners of the ring, and as soon as they have been sufficiently excited they are released.

Frenzied embrace

Like demons hot from hell, the cocks fly at each other, battling with beak and spur in mid-air, and floundering in murderous combat on the ground.

Roars and hoarse cries break from the throats of the spectators. Hard-bitten, "horsey" aristocrats crane forward eagerly over the flying feathers, and cold-eyed women catch their breath as the red blood flows.

Perhaps the long, curving spur of one of the birds has become embedded in his opponent.

They are locked in a cruel and frenzied embrace. The handlers rush in and pull them apart.

Once more from their respective corners the cocks are released.

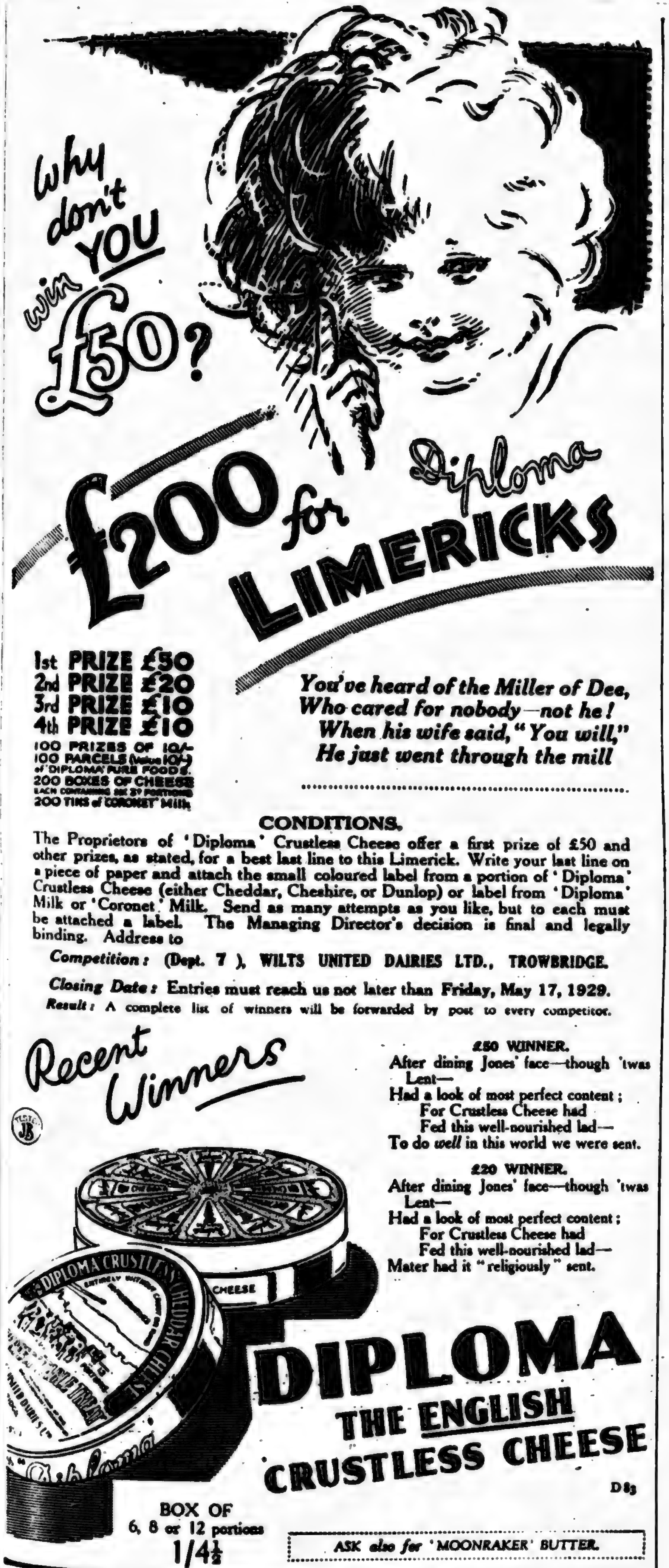
The roars and cries break out afresh. Beak and spur do their deadly work. The minutes pass.

One bird has an eye missing now, but he fights gamely on until at last, amid a tornado of cheering, he falls a crumpled heap with two inches of steel through his gullet.

Though there may be two opinions about fox-hunting, beagling and other blood sports, there can be none about cock-fighting. A century ago the cock-pits were classed with the rat-pits and bear-pits as the vilest dens in London.

What made the nation rise against this sport was not so much the drinking and the foul language which it encouraged as the appalling cruelty which it involved.

It is this cruelty which makes it necessary to suppress the present revival of it no matter how "respectable" the people who support it.



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200 TINS of 'CORONET' Milk

You've heard of the Miller of Dee,
Who cared for nobody—not he!
When his wife said, "You will,"
He just went through the mill
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CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition: (Dept. 7), **WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.**

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than **Friday, May 17, 1929.**

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor.

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£50 WINNER.

After dining Jones' face—though 'twas Lent—
Had a look of most perfect content;
For Crustless Cheese had
Fed this well-nourished lad—
To do *well* in this world we were sent.

£20 WINNER.

After dining Jones' face—though 'twas Lent—
Had a look of most perfect content;
For Crustless Cheese had
Fed this well-nourished lad—
Mater had it "religiously" sent.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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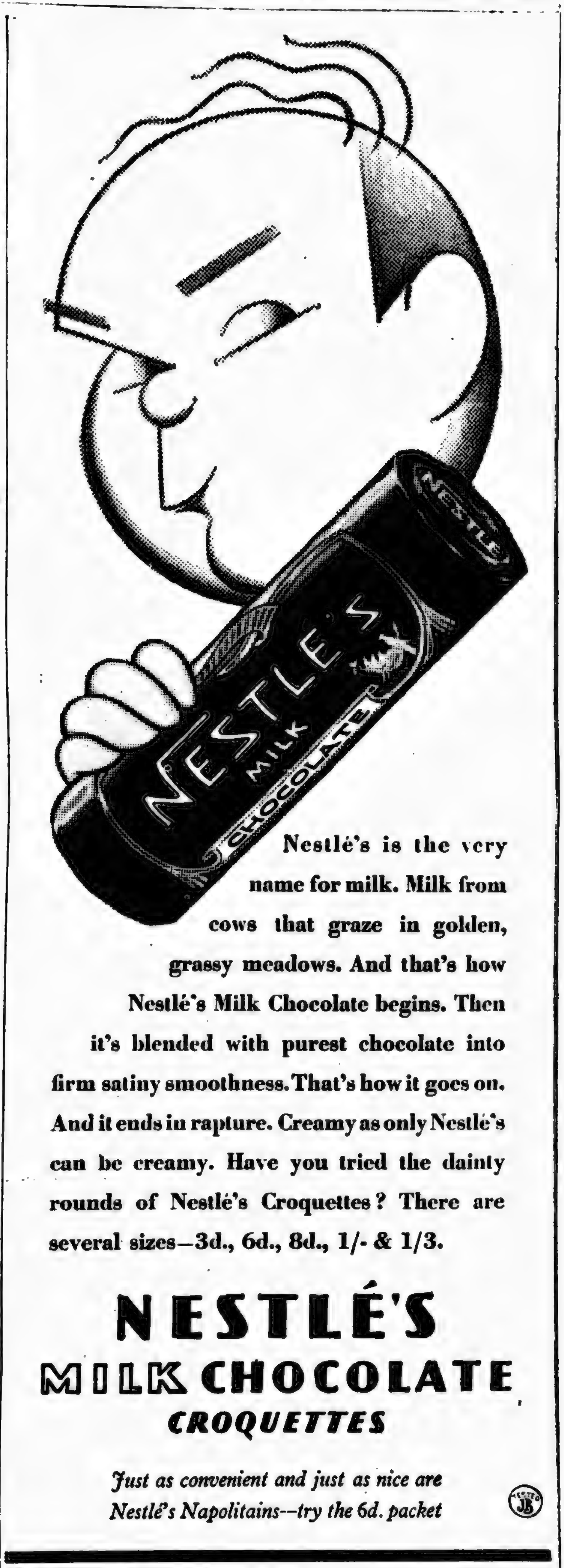

Nestlé's is the very name for milk. Milk from cows that graze in golden, grassy meadows. And that's how Nestlé's Milk Chocolate begins. Then it's blended with purest chocolate into firm satiny smoothness. That's how it goes on. And it ends in rapture. Creamy as only Nestlé's can be creamy. Have you tried the dainty rounds of Nestlé's Croquettes? There are several sizes—3d., 6d., 8d., 1/- & 1/3.

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Just as convenient and just as nice are
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* Please write clearly in capital letters. If unsealed envelope, only ½d. stamp need be used.
S
SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

Miss Maxse—"Young, tall, dark and slim, the type to appeal to the newly enfranchised"

Dr. Marion Phillips attracts even those who disagree with her

"Politics needn't be dull" is Miss Margaret Harvey's motto

HANDS that ROCK the BALLOT

NEVER in the whole of the political history of the British Isles have politicians so exclusively turned their attention to women, nor handed them so many verbal bouquets, accompanied by so many glittering smiles.

This is, of course, the immediate result of adding five and a quarter million additional feminine names to the voting registers.

In all three political Parties there is feverish activity in the women's departments. All three organisations—Conservative, Labour and Liberal—are sharpening their weapons.

No sooner was the Equal Franchise Bill a finished Act than a Deputy Conservative Principal Agent was appointed, and for the first time in political history the position was given to a woman.

Miss Maxse, the holder of this responsible post, is young, tall, dark and slim—the type to appeal especially to the newly enfranchised. But it was not for these characteristics—agreeable though they are—that Miss Maxse was appointed.

During the war she worked for her country strenuously; first nursing in France and afterwards holding a position in the Foreign Office.

In 1923 she took up political work as a definite career, beginning as district organiser for the Southern area.

HERE her quality soon proved itself, and appreciation was shown by her being given command of the whole of the women's branch of the organisation—a hint to lesser lights. For it is through her conscientious performance of smaller duties that she has come to her present responsible post.

Similarly, the post itself is a compliment to all women. It is the Conservative official recognition of the valuable work done by women, and a foreshadowing of their coming responsibilities.

Miss Maxse, at the moment, is visiting in the different areas, conferring with other women on the most effective methods of waging the election battle.

Wit is essential in electioneering, and Miss Maxse has it. She speaks extremely well, has a sympathetic personality and that still more excellent asset in a woman, a cultured and charming voice.

She believes her Party will best help women by relieving unemployment by making grants to remove the workers from hopeless areas to other localities where there is work.

Training centres for boys, she points out, have been opened in the workless areas, and 1,500 have already been transferred to vacant jobs in various parts of the country.

Miss Maxse favours also the training of both men and women for life in the Dominions, for which assisted passages are given.

SUPPORT of the League of Nations in the interests of peace is another of the planks in the platform of Conservative women, who declare that they would be in favour of a gradual reduction in naval building in the real spirit of the Kellogg Pact.

The De-rating Bill is backed in the belief that large businesses, by being relieved of part of their rates, will be able to expand and employ more men.

Like every other woman, Miss Maxse sees the unemployment question through a woman's eyes.

"Every extra man employed means a woman—wife, sister or mother—made happy!"

Conservative women do not believe in separating the interests of men and women. They press for reforms most likely to benefit the country as a whole.

* * *

DR. MARION PHILLIPS, the chief woman organiser of the Labour Party, is a bright, vivacious woman of youthful appearance. She manages to impress her personality upon all who come in contact with her.

Young voters will appreciate the fact that her dark hair is shingled and her bright, brown eyes are merry. She is a fine and convincing speaker, and has the happy faculty of attracting even those who disagree with her views.

This is because she can drive home her arguments with sledge-hammer precision and logic.

Dr. Marion Phillips came from Australia years ago with the express purpose of studying at the London School of Economics, thus ensuring that her fundamental basis of argument should be sound.

She was a Socialist then, and throughout her long course she declares that she never met with anything capable of shaking her beliefs.

For Women Must Vote—

THE women readers of JOHN BULL know a thing or two. Following, as they do, the trend of current events through the columns of this journal, they have a grasp of all shades of political thought and information that is denied many of their sisters.

It is their duty, therefore, to poll their vote in the JOHN BULL straw ballot.

The "polling station" will be found on page 36.

Apart from having participated in a serious effort to "sound" the political tide, you will be in the running for our £500 prize for a simple election forecast.

Your vote is worth a small fortune. Don't hesitate. Add your "X" now. And don't forget to state, as directed on the coupon, that you *are* a woman voter.

That she really did study, and study hard, is proved by the degree she took. She is a Doctor of Science, which in her case means the very specialised science of economics.

As soon as the degree was conferred Dr. Phillips took up practical work for the Labour Party.

In addition to the overwhelming duties which assail a national organiser, she is the officially adopted Labour candidate for Sunderland.

Among other things, she makes claim for the Labour Party that it holds special appeal for women because it advocates wide extension of the National Health Insurance without any increased contribution from those who benefit; the granting of a cash allowance for each child to be paid from birth through school age; the curing of unemployment by development of schemes to improve the nation, such as land drainage, roads and prevention of waste erosion by afforestation.

Old-age pensions for men and women are advocated at sixty-five, and, if found necessary through premature breakdown or other causes, at sixty.

The Labour women want schools to which all children can go irrespective of class; they would raise the school age to fifteen, and think that when a youngster goes forward to a University, proper maintenance should be provided.

They believe in arbitration and conciliation the very moment war is threatened; and, of course, they put peace in the forefront of their programme.

* * *

SIMILARLY, the Liberal Party is standing four-square for industrial and international peace.

To bring home the Party principles to women, the officers of the Women's National Liberal Federation have appointed a charming national organiser to help them in this fight.

Miss Margaret Harvey, a graduate of Newnham, is an outdoor girl, fond of sport and all that tends to make woman and girl life happy and interesting.

She is a brilliant speaker, and it was her gifts in this direction that first attracted wider attention.

"Politics needn't be dull" is her motto. She thinks it would be terrible if all legislation was dictated by people who are embittered and sour.

After this, one naturally expects to find in the call of the Liberal women to the nation a wholesome breath of freedom and the open air.

Peace is in the forefront of their programme. They want women to insist that Britain should set the example by limiting armaments and believe that women should vote to bring about a good understanding with America.

LIBERAL women are keen critics of the De-rating Bill. They are in favour of percentage grants being made for all health services, including infant welfare.

They are uncompromisingly opposed to the block grants suggested in the present Bill, which they consider will limit the extension of health and welfare services.

They are in favour of the compulsory inclusion of women on the new Poor Law Committees.

They are against all tariffs, and would immediately abolish all "safeguarding" of enamelled ware, gloves, buttons and other articles of daily use, believing that all such taxation adds immeasurably to the burden of housekeeping.

Unemployment they treat as the most pressing national problem, and advise that constructive works on a large scale should be put in hand at once.

The Liberal women call up their sister voters on four great questions: peace, health, Free Trade and unemployment.

* * *

The Parties have faith in the common-sense of the women. But how and where will it lead them?

First steps!

When you get the right food for a baby everything else comes right. But if your baby is like lots of others and can't take ordinary milk, try Nestlé's Milk. He will take milk then. Over and over again that is proved to be true. Nestlé's Milk is rich country milk. All the vitamins in it. All the cream. But it's different in one very important way. The Nestlé process makes the curd light and flaky. Any baby can digest Nestlé's. And the rest follows. Contentment. A steady gain in weight. Colour coming in the cheeks! Firmness in the limbs.

If you are in any difficulty about Baby's food, try Nestlé's Milk.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

NESTLÉ'S MILK FOOD | Later on will come the time when Baby requires a follow-on food—something more than milk. It is here that Nestlé's Milk Food will carry on the good work which Nestlé's Milk has begun. Send a card to Nestlé's, Infant Welfare Dept., 6-8 Eastcheap, London, E.C.3, for full particulars.

'Ee, Mum, 'ow's that happened?'

—says Mrs. Rawlins

"One of your best tablecloths too. You should have popped it into a drop of warm water straight away. But never mind, Mum, I'll give it a good blueing with my Reckitt's Blue. Reckitt's Blue puts the white back into anything as started white. And then I've my Robin Starch, Mum, to put what I call the finishing touch. You'll have it on the table next Sunday, Mum, and be as proud of it as ever.

But it's what I say every time, Mum—Reckitt's Blue for getting anything white, as white as a bit of snow, and Robin Starch for smooth, easy work and a gloss like a silk 'at."

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AND
ROBIN
Starch

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Of all Grocers, 10½d. and 1/6 per Bottle.

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Great Epidemic of Deadly Catarrh
(Chronic Cold in the Head)

Marvellous New Remedy Sent on 10 Days' Trial.

No Benefit—No Pay.

A veritable epidemic of Catarrh is sweeping the British Isles at present. Our treacherous climate scores again!

Are YOU a victim of this dangerous ailment? If so, don't neglect it, or regard it with indifference or it may endanger your life. Write to me to-day for a 10 Days' Trial of my well-known "Shirley System," which will give you immediate relief and hasten cure.

Mr. Elmer Shirley, who cured himself of Deadly Catarrh and who invented the famous "Shirley System," which has proved such a boon to countless other sufferers.

I have specialised in the treatment, relief, and cure of this distressing and endangering condition for many years, and I would strongly advise every sufferer to give my system a personal trial just now. The symptoms are easy for anyone to diagnose.

—If phlegm drops into the back of your throat.
—If you are liable to recurring colds.
—If your head feels "stuffy" and confused
—If you have frontal headaches.
—If you suffer from difficulty of hearing.
—If you nostrils are clogged or "running."
—If you feel tired on rising.
—If you suffer from strange "head-noises."
—If your eyes are "watery."
—If your mouth and throat are dry and painful.
—If you expectorate often.
—If your sense of smell is impaired.
—If your breath is "bad" and your mouth "dirty."
—If you have pain over the eyes.

or if you have a dry, hot skin, and alternate fits of heat and cold, you are almost certainly suffering from Catarrh.

Doctors now realise that Catarrh is dangerous. It not only causes much suffering and distress, but it has a high rate of mortality, because the poisonous mucus flows downwards (especially during sleep) into the stomach, intestines, and other organs, causing Malnutrition, Debility, and a Catarrhal condition of the whole inner man that lowers resisting power to disease, and leads to such deadly ailments as Gastric Catarrh, Intestinal Catarrh, and even Consumption itself.

If you are in the grip of Catarrh, don't delay, but write to me to-day for a

10 DAYS' TRIAL OF THE "SHIRLEY SYSTEM"

and see how soon it will save you from the miseries and risks of Catarrh in all its forms, including Catarrhal Deafness and Gastric Catarrh.

It will bring you relief from the very first. The stuffed-up passages get clear, easy nasal breathing follows, head-noises disappear. Headaches, too, become things of the past, and your whole system is completely cleared of the poisonous mucus. It will lift the Crushing Burden of Catarrh from your shoulders like magic.

No matter how many treatments you hav tried, do not consider your case hopeless until you have tested my wonderful "Shirley System."

This treatment has proved so remarkably successful, even in the worst forms of Chronic Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Head-noises, etc., that I will gladly send it on ten days' trial to any sufferer on the distinct understanding that if no benefit is derived no expense of any kind will be incurred, and my signed Guarantee to this effect is sent to each patient.

Just send me your name and address TO-DAY (a postcard will do). **Elmer Shirley, 35, Gray's Inn Road (C.885), London, W.C.1.**

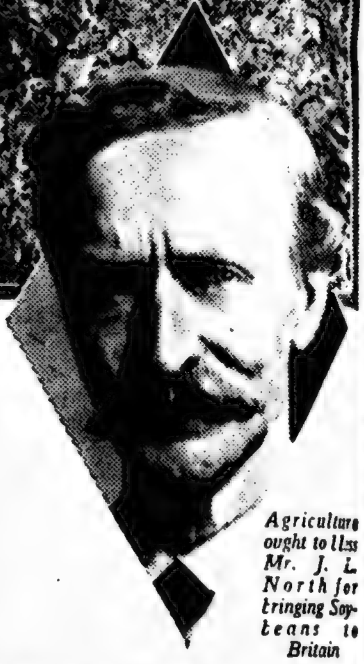
(Personal consultations by appointment, 3 to 4 o'clock daily except Saturdays.)

(Sanalak, Ltd.)

THE FARMER'S DYING—

Give Him BEANS!

A crop of Soybeans growing at Sutton's experimental farm


Agriculture ought to bless Mr. J. L. North for bringing Soybeans to Britain

THE British farmer must take the straw out of his mouth. He must get off the gate and go on with the job. He must go back to the land and take back with him new ideas, a modern outlook and a fresh, virile enthusiasm.

He must turn to science as well as Downing Street if agriculture is to be successfully revived and saved.

New and original crops must be tried. There is a market ready and anxious to pay good prices for types of produce that the farmer can supply if only he will farm with his brains as well as with his brawn.

Scientific experimenters point the pathway to prosperity. Plants are being cultivated to-day which, if properly exploited, could put agriculture on its feet as a profit-earning industry.

Dr. Hedley Thornton, who founded the English Artificial Cotton Production and Marketing Corporation, states that he has already sold a twenty-million-pound crop of English-grown artificial cotton to the spinning mills.

He anticipates a yield of another forty million pounds from land now under the new crops in Sussex and Essex.

If this crop definitely passes the experimental stage, and large areas are cultivated, there is the possibility of restoring prosperity to the Lancashire industry, and of lowering the price of British-made cotton goods.

Useful Brotex

Then there is the Brotex Cellulose Company, which is exploiting another novel hybrid.

This plant is, to some extent, veiled in secrecy, but it may presumably grow readily throughout Britain.

It is said to yield fibre for textiles, pulp for paper, and seed cake for cattle food.

But there is a much more significant plant sponsored by Mr. J. L. North, Curator of the Royal Botanical Gardens, which is neither a new invention nor a secret one. Its recorded history dates back five thousand years to Manchuria, where it flourishes in innumerable varieties.

This is the Soybean, which Mr. North has studied intensively for the past fifteen years.

The purpose of his research has been to discover a variety that will mature quickly enough to permit its being ripened and harvested under our fugitive and fickle sun; a plant which could be sown in Britain during May and harvested not later than September.

Fine crops

To succeed in this would, incidentally, give a renewed lease of life to other industries besides farming.

In America the yield per acre is one ton of Soybeans, giving 240 pounds of oil. In this country we have, so far, been successful in obtaining fifteen hundredweights per acre.

This was in 1928, when tests were made by the biggest seed merchants in England. Soya was sown at Reading early in May and was harvested in September. A fine crop was obtained for seed purposes, and, in another year, there should be a sequel in the merchants' catalogues.

Successful tests were also made by several big manufacturing companies concerned with soaps and foodstuffs, in Middlesex, Essex, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Hampshire, Cambridge, and the Channel Islands, proving that Soya is easy to cultivate in almost any soil.

Like vetches, Soybeans extract fertilising nitrogen from the air, thereby enriching, rather than impoverishing, the soil in which they grow, and have been found to be an excellent restorative crop in rotation with wheat.

The bean contains approximately 17.5 per cent. of oil, and it is used extensively in the United States, Japan and China, in the manufacture of soaps, glycerine for high explosives, lubricants, celluloid, paints, enamels, varnishes, and printing inks.

Vegetable milk

There is also a large market for Soya bread. There is a market, too, for milk obtained directly from the bean, without the danger of bacterial infection.

In Austria this milk is used to combat tuberculosis. In composition it is akin to breast milk, and it is cheaper than cows' milk.

IF you have a farming friend who is not a "John Bull" reader, tell him about this article.

The salvation of British agriculture lies along the lines suggested here.

In 1927 Germany imported 576,023 tons of Soya. Britain imported 83,121 tons of beans and 53,525 tons of Soya oil, but firms now exploiting imported Soya agree that the home-grown seed is preferable either for flour or oil, which means that there is an enormous assured market awaiting ambitious farmers.

The extensive cultivation of Soya in this country would release us from dependence on imports for many necessities. We have never, for instance, grown oil plants in Britain, but, by means of Soya, we could produce great quantities of oil as well as other by-products of great value.

Soybeans bring £13 a ton, the extracted oil £35 a ton, and the cake, for cattle-feeding, £11 a ton.

Specimens of last year's experimental crop are on view in the museum of the Royal Botanical Society's Gardens at Regent's Park. They show conclusively how near we are to obtaining a naturalised English Soybean, hardy and plentiful enough for general distribution through the seed merchants.

In fact, had the Government followed the lead of America, and organised research for a quick-maturing Soya in its native Manchuria, we might have succeeded in our ambitions long enough ago for the Soya to have alleviated the war-time famine of food and other commodities.

Farm apathy

And now it is the apathy of the farmers.

How difficult it is to induce them to march with the times will be realised when one sees a small boy walking round a wheatfield scaring away the crows with clappers. When he scares them away from one side of the field the birds settle and help themselves to seed on the other.

That is the sort of spirit that must be smashed if these new agricultural discoveries are to receive a chance to yield their full benefits to the nation.

Soybeans must be grown, and the farmers will have to grow them. The moment to interest themselves is now. For the Soybean and allied modern crops should easily prove the salvation of the industry.

Pluck up this Weed!

A SPEEDY and enterprising gentleman is Mr. W. Caldwell, who has just been operating under the dignified title of the "Austral Herbal Research Laboratories."

Establishing himself in an office in Duke Street, Strand, London, he engaged a number of canvassers to distribute his various herbal remedies.

In so doing he stipulated that it was his unswerving rule that people so engaged must lodge a cash security against the stock they would handle.

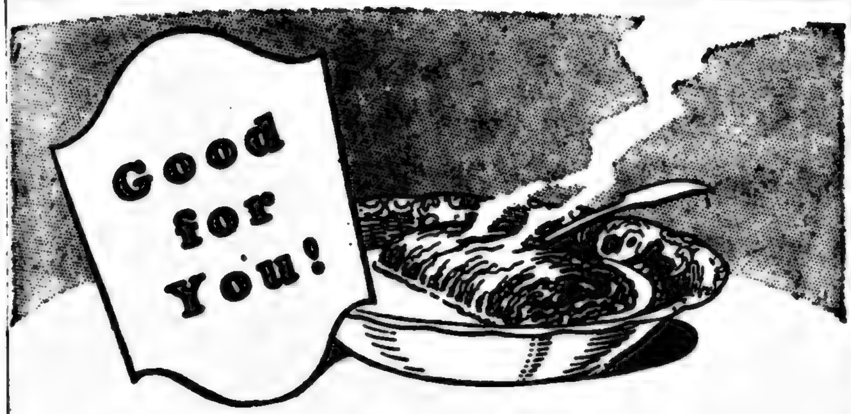
Three specific instances have come to our notice where canvassers have been persuaded to fall in with this arrangement. A Southend reader paid £25, another at Croydon paid £20, while a third, at Kensington, parted with £5.

For a few weeks these people were sent out to carry on a sales campaign, but they soon began to realise that their stock was valueless.

When they sought to protest, however, they were too late, for Mr. Caldwell, timing the limit of their endurance to a nicety, had disappeared from his Duke Street premises, leaving no trace behind him.

Apart from his investor-dupes, who have lost every penny of their money, Mr. Caldwell has neglected to pay his landlord at Duke Street, and the account of a local printer who produced handbills advertising the Austral Herbal Research Laboratories is still outstanding.

The authorities should find Mr. Caldwell, and administer something a little more drastic than herbal treatment.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Send to-day for Nursery Rhyme Booklet.

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MR. EVERYMAN

"So your 50 Pay-Way Mr. Drage means over 4 Years Credit!"

Mr. Drage : Yes, the longest credit terms given by any furnishing house in Great Britain, and we are proud of them.

Mr. Everyman : So I just divide the amount of my order by 50 to get the first payment. Now on £75 that's only 30/- per month.

Mr. Drage : Quite right — You pay only 30/- now and all the furniture will be delivered at once.

Mr. Everyman : Then all I have to do is to pay 30/- monthly for 49 months afterwards.

Mr. Drage : Yes, and you see nothing will be added to the £75 for the long credit we are pleased to give you.

Mr. Everyman : Do you want any references, Mr. Drage?

Mr. Drage : Not one, thank you. That's not the Drage Way. We never want references here. Instead I'll give you something—the Drage Protection in case you're ill or unemployed.

Mr. Everyman : I see, if I can't pay, I keep what I've paid for, less a fair charge for use and cartage. That's fine, Mr. Drage.

Mr. Drage : And your Free Fire and Life Policy will be issued by the Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co. and sent you at once. It covers you completely from beginning to end of the account.

Mr. Everyman : Well, I'll say this for you, Mr. Drage, one gets not only a long way the best terms, but the warmest welcome at Drages. I don't wonder your show-rooms are so crowded.

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It will help you to look your best always. Write now and secure the biggest bargain for yourself.

Tweed Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Two and Three-Piece Suits, Jumper Suits, Satin Coats, Raincoats, Furs, Fur Coats, etc.

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ALWAYS USE A.G. CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST & PUREST

Who owns the

BABE *from* BABYLON?

SIX years ago my sister, then a girl of eighteen, was happily married to a hard-working, ambitious young fellow just out of his teens.

A bolt from the blue came suddenly. Through no fault of his own, her husband lost his job, and, unable to find employment in this country, set out to seek his fortune in Australia.

My sister, left alone on this side of the water, felt her loneliness so much that she forgot her marriage vows and, as time went on, gave birth to a baby of which her husband was not the father.

Soon afterwards she sold up her little home and went to stay with a friend who, as she had a little family of her own, promised never to betray the secret that my sister's baby was not hers.

Then my brother-in-law arrived unexpectedly with the news that he had "made good," and had come to take his wife back to the comfortable home he had waiting for her.

He saw this tragic four-months-old baby among the other little folk, and it never even crossed his mind to question its parentage.

Next day the pair bade farewell to their friends and went together to the boat.

But, on the quay, the husband turned viciously upon his wife and said, "I know all, for your friend has told me. That was my shock, but this is yours: I've only bought one ticket and booked one passage. I want nothing to do with an unfaithful wife. I've done with you for ever."

And from that day my sister has never either seen or heard of him.

But she, too, had a card up her sleeve, and felt the moment had come to produce it.

She returned to her friend's house and blurted out the truth she had hitherto suppressed.

"My husband has abandoned me because you told him of my slip, so now you have robbed me of my means of keeping the baby, you may as well know *its father is your husband*, and ask him if he doesn't think it is his duty to support it."

Worse has now followed. My sister, grown reckless, drinks all she earns, and her friend's husband has lost his job and is very ill in hospital.

The child is now three years old. I have so many of my own that I cannot take it from this woman, who is anxious to get rid of it. What do you think of it all? And, above all, what do you advise?

A grim tragedy of married mockery

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

◆

"HUMANIST" says: This is tragedy stark and real.

I will waste no words in condemning the folly of those who have brought a poor, unwanted child into the world, only to leave it to its fate; or of the "friend" who betrayed a secret with such dire results.

Your duty, however, is clear. You must strive to persuade your sister to pull herself together and fend for her baby. Should this fail, could you not arrange for its adoption? Or, as a last resource, consult the guardians, who will compel those legally responsible to meet their obligations.

THE MAN PAYS

a terrible price

DOES the woman always pay? I wonder.

There has been only one woman in my life, and for her I have paid away almost all that life can hold for a man—health, happiness, home, family, money.

Because I loved too well, and trusted too much, I have suffered at her hands until it is impossible to suffer more. Mentally and physically, her folly has wrecked me.

I am employed by a famous London concern, and I have always been a steady, reliable worker, earning a fairly decent little income.

Years ago I fell in love with, and married, a widow. She was pretty and clever, and I worshipped the ground she walked on. I made a splendid home for her, and I treated her daughter by her first husband as my own.

For a time we were happy. A son was born. I thought that we were nicely settled down. But things gradually began to change.

My wife began to "nag" me. She lavished all her affection on the children. She would allow me hardly any money from my pay-packet. Often I did not have enough to eat.

Men came to the house, but I did not suspect that anything was wrong until she gave me a written confession that she had been unfaithful. Even that I forgave her.

But my forgiveness did not earn her gratitude. Things grew steadily worse. There were terrible scenes nightly. She raved and raged for no reason at all.

Then she took up spiritualism. She would sit for hours, with her eyes rolling wildly in her head, at the spirit-message board. In the middle of the night she would roam the house like a ghost.

Eventually I became so ill and distracted that I attempted to take my life, but I recovered from my wounds in hospital.

Several times I left her, but always she implored me to return, and, more fool, I went back to greater misery than ever. Then my wife decided that we should sell the home. I went into lodgings near my work and she went to a flat which, I have since learned, was secured for her by another man.

She took our son with her, and she is steadily turning the boy's affections from me. She is still acting as a "medium" and is more fanatical than ever.

Can you advise me, "Humanist"? All I want is peace and my boy.

"HUMANIST" says: It is clear that you have been not only a faithful but a considerate husband. Time and again you have given your wife the opportunity of reforming.

I am always reluctant to suggest drastic methods, but I think that your wife is unworthy both of you and of your son. Consult a reliable solicitor at once, for even if you do not contemplate divorce, you should immediately secure the custody of the child.

FATHER'S MISTRESS

charms her

THE daughter of a distinguished Civil Servant, I have made a terrible discovery. I picked up a letter on the floor of my father's bedroom which reveals that he is maintaining a woman in an expensive flat in Mayfair.

My mother and father have always appeared to be the most united couple—there has never been even a hint of dissension between them.

I know that I did wrong in reading the letter, which must have dropped out of his pocket; but a woman's handwriting aroused my curiosity.

Her address was on the letter, and, full of anger, I interviewed her. To my surprise, I found that she was a charming girl, not much older than myself, who confessed that she was passionately in love with my father. She begged me, with tears, not to disclose anything.

I am in a dilemma. I have always adored my father, but I feel that I can neither love nor honour a man who has betrayed my mother's trust.

The fate of three people is in my hands. Please, "Humanist," advise me.

"HUMANIST" says: Try first to persuade the "charming girl" that there is nothing very admirable in her conduct. If she does not break off the intrigue, let your father learn indirectly that you know of the affair.

As he appears to value your affection, the probability is that he will be ashamed of his lapse, for in a man of middle-age the regard of a well-loved daughter means more than the attractions of a mistress.

Homely Wisdom

The Burden Bearer

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE following piece of real life I know to be authentic, because the person chiefly concerned and who told me of it is staying in the house with me at this moment.

It is just one of those events that shed a gentle light upon our toilsome pathway and show that we are guided and helped from above far more than we know.

A man passing along the street, carrying a heavy bundle on his shoulders, paused to rest awhile.

Flinging his load at his feet, he ejaculated to a passer-by, "I wish I could get rid of all my troubles as easily as that."

The person accosted, a dear old friend of mine and one of the kindest souls on earth, stopped at the sound of the words and answered, "You can get rid of all your real troubles just as easily as that."

"What do you mean?" asked the man who had first spoken.

"I mean," was the rejoinder, "that you can commit all your troubles to the ever-present Friend Who has said, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"How do you know that?" was the next question.

"Because I know Him" was the quiet reply.

The man addressed turned white and stared at the speaker for a moment in silence. Then he slowly said, "God help me. What a strange thing to hear you say that! I have just lost my dear wife and feel utterly alone in the world, and those were the last words she said to me."

I do not believe that to be mere coincidence. The truth is better than that. It is that all the help and comfort we get in life comes from heaven, though it be ministered to us through human hearts and hands.

That despondent man was divinely meant to hear those words again, and so someone was made to utter them.

And they are absolutely true. If we listen for the voice of God we hear it; if we cast our care upon the Saviour Who once wore human form He does not fail us.

Observe, my friend said "your real troubles." Most of our troubles are unreal—mere worries and dreads. Sorrow is one thing, worry is another.

Sorrow and pain we must all endure sometime. But worry and anxiety should have no place in the heart that trusts in God.

Buy ripe bananas

FINE FYFFES!

Would you eat unripe strawberries? Unripe plums you know are bad for you. Therefore, buy ripe bananas. How can you tell? By seeing that the skin is a rich golden yellow with no green at the tip. To ensure getting them ripe, ask your Fruiterer for Fyffes' bananas.

Thousands of miles from the sunny tropics to your home.

Only an organisation like Fyffes'—the first to do it—with its own ships and inland transport bringing bananas straight to the special ripening rooms of the leading wholesalers, can deliver perfectly ripe bananas. Over thirty years' experience is behind this claim. So insist on Fyffes' bananas.

FYFFES' BANANAS

THE ALL-FOOD FRUIT

ELDERS & FYFFES, LTD.

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

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and all

FUTURE EVENTS

UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS

NO WAY BARRED.

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GLASGOW.

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DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.

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DAVID COPE, LTD.,
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KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

Our Letter Parliament

If I had An HOUR *to* LIVE

I SHOULD like to have all the heads of the various denominations around me, and demand that they should all unite under one banner and preach Christ, without the trimmings, warning them that if they did not do so I should be seeing their Master within an hour, and would report the whole lot of them to Him.

I should then be fully prepared to answer the call, feeling that I had done something really good for humanity.—*R. A. Dicker, Thanet.*

The Kiddies' Cocoa

All the things I value most I should gather together and send them to the schoolmistress at the infants' school in front of where I live, asking her to sell them to provide bread and cocoa at playtime in winter.

Then I could pass away remembering the cheers and smiles when I went across to the school last winter (a temperature of 43 degrees in the schoolroom) with a gallon of cocoa and bread and dripping, when I could afford it.

For they are mostly miners' children, and my greatest happiness in life is feeding little children.—*Working Man's Wife, Wakefield.*

Send for Annie

If I had but an hour to live I would send for Annie—for her who used to be my best-beloved chum.

It was when some lying rumours got about—rumours that eventually parted Annie and her sweetheart—that my friend mistakenly laid the blame on me.

Her unjust words hurt terribly, for I was loyal to her always, and my wounded self-esteem has never let me stoop to deny or to explain.

But if only one hour remained, I would try to see her, tell her everything and die happy with her hand once more in mine.—*Her Girl Pal, Edinburgh.*

A Blow for the Boss

I should promptly have an interview with my employer, tell him that my miserable wages of 30s. per week were totally inadequate, and that unless he gave me an increase immediately, I should refuse to work for him another moment, and would shake the dust of the place off my feet for ever.

The look of astonishment on his face would be worth "a guinea a box."—*S. M. H., Walsall.*

Nothing Done

There would be so many things I should want to do, and I should be in such a flurried condition, that before I had decided upon anything the time would be up and nothing done!—*Iris Ottaway, Bungay.*

Where My Candidate Fails

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject above not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters on this subject must reach us by first post on Tuesday, May 14.

Bite and a Corner

I should just pack up ready to go home. After all, a long and honest day's work does make a fellow feel a bit tired, and I am wishful to see a lad I lost in France, a woman I loved—and love still—some old friends, and to have a "bite and sup" at His table Who promised me a corner in one of His Father's many mansions.—*John Procter, London.*

The Last Hustle

I am reminded of the story of the clergyman who for hobby was digging in his garden.

A parishioner stopped and asked him, "Well, parson, what would you be doing now if you knew this was your last day on earth?" The answer came, "I should be digging."

These are my sentiments exactly. In a way it would depend on which hour.

I am a housekeeper for an aged gentleman, whose comfort I always try to consider, and I should most certainly bustle round to leave everything as comfortable as possible until the call came, "Time's up."—*Mrs. Harper, Notts.*

Stop the Clock

My last sixty minutes on earth would be a jolly festival of wine, food and song, with no clock in view to remind me of time's relentless passing.

I should enjoy my innocent orgy all the more because there could be no subsequent digestive penalties.

This last desire to make my final hour a merry one would be a natural reaction after a life which has been mostly spent in working, and I can see nothing evil or even irreverent in it.—*W. L., Wimbledon.*

Mother's Wonder

During a brain-storm which preceded my husband being certified insane, he shut me in a room, a razor in his hand, and telling me to watch the clock, said I had only half an hour to live.

I never felt a qualm of fear, yet I had always viewed death with terror. Neither did I experience that calm which we are often told comes to those near death.

Instead I found myself wondering if the kiddies would be home late from school and that the house badly needed refurnishing.

While there was life, I should just carry on the usual routine.—*B. Bolton, Maidstone.*

Blue Ribbon Off

I am a staunch teetotaller and likely to remain so all my life, but if I knew that I had an hour to live I should endeavour to get myself drunk.

I have always wondered what it feels like and what pleasure or otherwise can be derived from being in that state.—*J. F. T., Liverpool.*

Plenty of Shot

There are always some people whose deaths would benefit the community. If they ceased to exist it would be so much better, viewed from an unbiased point.

At some time or other we must have thought coolly and without personal feeling, "That person has no right to live; the world would be better without him."

If I had an hour to live I cannot think of a more noble and more useful way of spending it than by exterminating such creatures.—*M. Patterson, Glasgow.*

Not Ashamed

I have a very deep love for a man who only cares for me as a dear friend.

If I had only one hour to live I should do that which I long to do every day of my life, but my pride is too great.

I should go to him and confess my love, for he is such a sportsman in the true sense of the word that I know he would make my last hour happy, and I could not wake up to-morrow ashamed of what I had done.—*"Tired of Life," Norfolk.*

A Busy Time

First ring up my employers and say "Farewell" and that I would require no wages. Write to Lloyd George and wish him the best of luck, also to Winston Churchill, telling him I would not have long to enjoy the 4d. a pound off tea.

Count my money, enter the nearest "pub.," buy a bottle of whisky for pa and have my first cocktail. Pay the rector in advance for funeral expenses. Toss the remaining coppers up for the kiddies to catch.

Send an S.O.S. saying "Good-bye" to all my friends. Retire with an Edgar Wallace thriller, or listen in till my time expires.—*E. M. Q., Ellon.*

* * *

Letters in Little

I should try to be, as before, "a soldier and a man."—*Ex-Sergeant.*

That I should meet a loved one who had gone before me would be my last earnest supplication.—*E. S., Leytonstone.*

With only an hour to live I should be profoundly frightened.—*T. A. S.*

After all, can you better the philosophy of the ancient Roman: "I was not, I am, I shall not be; I don't care"?—*G. H. H.*

I should beg or steal my 'bus fare to the employment exchange and sign off, so that my end would be less "doleful."—*Will, Durham.*

Had I but one hour to live I should choose the time when the clocks were put forward for "Summer Time," and get it over quick.—*General, E.12.*

One cannot be cheerful when dying of gas poisoning, and it's hard to pray when going down with a sinking ship. What would I do? It all depends on the circumstances!—*W. C., Cheetham.*

I should act as referee to my relations whilst my few belongings were being distributed, and I would see that each agreed and was satisfied.—*J. P. J., Chelmsford.*

To meet death calmly, as one whose living days were simple, yet sincere, would be my desire.—*James M. Hill, Midlothian.*

My regret would be that I could never repay the many little kindnesses I had accepted as a matter of course from friends and relatives.—*J. W., Sussex.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

"Why Not Mr. Jinks?"

I CODED Mr. Jinks to win the Two Thousand Guineas so, naturally, I was pleased with the result, but Cragadour will prove the better of the two in the Derby, wherever they finish.

On looks Mr. Jinks was the gentleman of the party, and in his case handsome is as handsome does—up to a mile. He showed the necessary grit just where his detractors expected him to throw up the sponge.

A friend told me the other day how the massive roan colt came by his name, and it is worth repeating.

A division had taken place in the Irish Free State Parliament, and the Government was in danger of defeat. A single vote would decide the issue, but the gentleman who held the key to the situation—Mr. Jinks—could not be found.

Hurriedly a search was made for him. Some wit said that Mr. Jinks was mixing his drinks. Of course, that was not true, but the searchers drew a blank, and the Government was saved.

A few days later a member of the Dail was being shown over Major McCalmont's stud, and his attention was drawn to a lovely youngster gambolling round the paddocks. He took an interest in the yearling and was asked to give it a name. The politician said: "Why not Mr. Jinks?"

H. Beasley, Mr. Jinks' jockey

We have a savoury dish this week in the Kempton Park Jubilee. The race is very open, but I think that Irish Romance — each way—may pay for the Sunday joint.

In this respect I am not influenced by the Mr. Jinks story, but by the four-year-old's hard luck in the Lincoln.

• • •

JOHN BULL'S CODE

The code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 9, to Wednesday, May 15, and will then be revised.

C	Y	5	B	J	W	F	M	O	9	3	S	L	R	Q
X	G	H	7	V	P	D	E	K	T	A	I	U	Z	N

In place of the code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. XZ3Y3FKLZ would read CRAGADOUR.

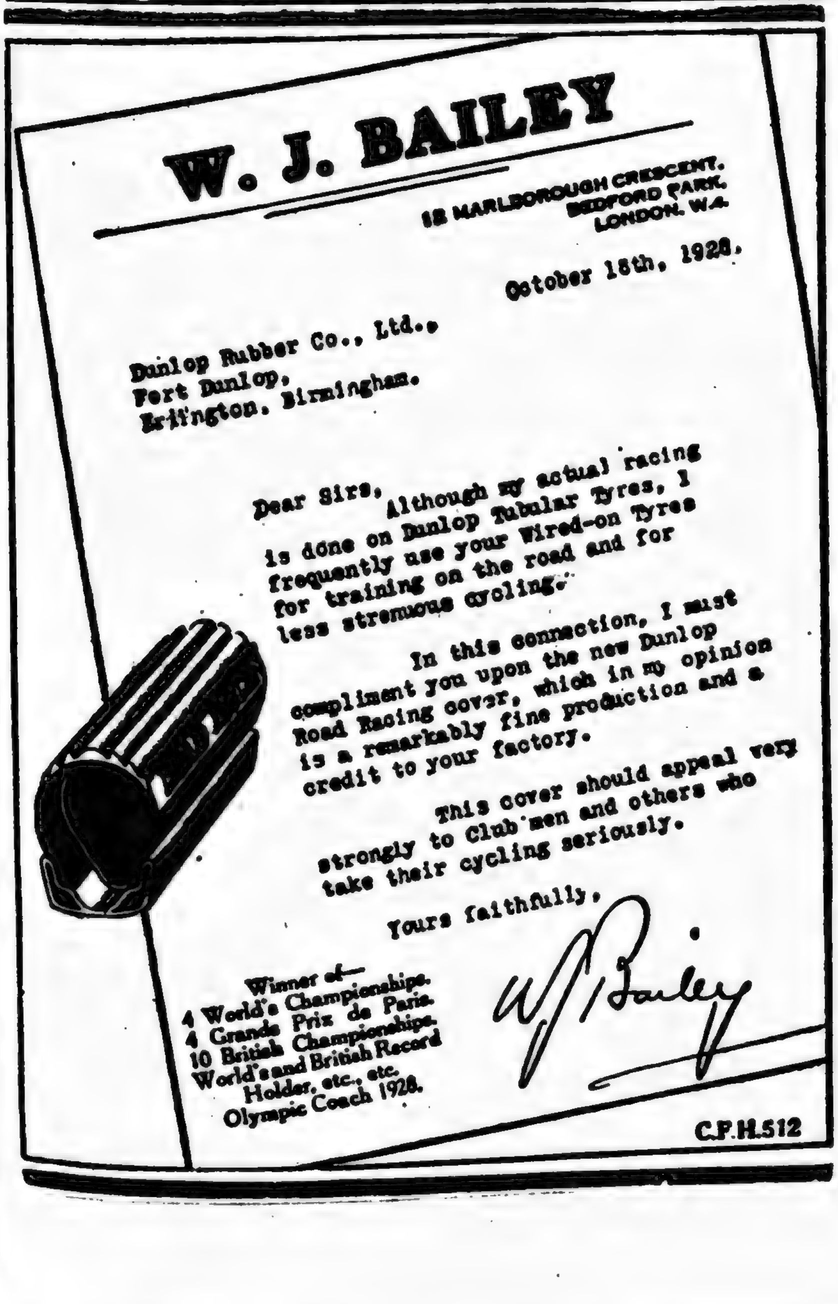
"SILVER RING."

Thirst come, thirst served!

If you are a crack half-miler, you know what it's like to have a throat as dry as the running track. But you can gain a useful thirst just walking about or sitting in the shade! Then buy yourself a Barclay's. No common brew, Barclay's Lager is always in the cream of condition. Barclay's light or Barclays dark, both great and cooling quenchers!

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or dark—the drink for a lordly thirst



W. J. BAILEY

18 MARLBOROUGH CRESCENT.
BEDFORD PARK.
LONDON. W.4.

October 18th, 1928.

Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.,
Fort Dunlop,
Erdington, Birmingham.

Dear Sirs,

Although my actual racing is done on Dunlop Tubular Tyres, I frequently use your Wired-on Tyres for training on the road and for less strenuous cycling.

In this connection, I must compliment you upon the new Dunlop Road Racing cover, which in my opinion is a remarkably fine production and a credit to your factory.

This cover should appeal very strongly to Club men and others who take their cycling seriously.

Yours faithfully,

W J Bailey

Winner of—
4 World's Championships.
4 Grands Prix de Paris.
10 British Championships.
World's and British Record Holder, etc., etc.
Olympic Coach 1928.

C.F.H.512

CASH GIFTS for COUPONS!

Every packet of Bandmaster Cigarettes contains a Coupon which is worth real money!
Save these and exchange them for CASH!

BANDMASTER CIGARETTES

10 for 4d.

is the price of Bandmasters, but the coupon makes them cost less.

BANDMASTER CIGARETTES

WHY PAY MORE?

Smoke Bandmasters, and enjoy 100% pure Virginia Tobacco.

BANDMASTER CIGARETTES

BRITT: OMN: REX
GEORGIVS V DEI GRA:
CROWN 192

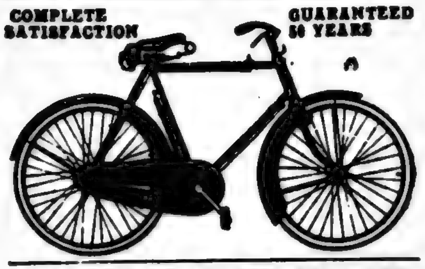
Smoke **BANDMASTER** pure **CIGARETTES** Virginia

ISSUED BY UNITED KINGDOM TOBACCO CO. (1929) LTD

The Finest Cycle Value in England is Offered in **SELFRIDGE'S** TOURIST MODEL

9/3 with Order, and 14 monthly payments of 9/3 completes purchase of this super Bicycle.

Cash Price **£5.19.6** Carriage Paid



WELDLESS STEEL FRAMES rust-proofed, beautifully enamelled and lined. All usual parts heavily plated or all weather finish same price.

Specification includes:
DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.
DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.
RENOLD Half-inch PITCH CHAIN.
STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED.
OILBATH GEAR CASE.
VALANCED MUD GUARDS.
BLUEMEL 15"×1" PUMP.
Solid Leather Tool Bag. Tools. Oiler and Reflector included Free.

Send at once for Illustrated List. **SELFRIDGE & CO.,** OXFORD ST. LONDON.

Hall's Wine

Supreme Tonic Restorative

for Anæmia
Weakness
Depression
or Nerves

Do you realise that weariness and nerve-weakness are often due to poor blood? Do you know that every drop of Hall's Wine you take makes rich, red, vigorous blood which means new strength to the nerves and new life and vitality to the entire system? Let Hall's Wine help you NOW. Buy a Bottle to-day.

Large Bottle, 5/6. Smaller size, 3/3.

Enclosed with every bottle of Hall's Wine is a coupon which entitles you to a Free Sample of Hall's Wine for your sick friend.

72J

Eiffel Tower Lemonade

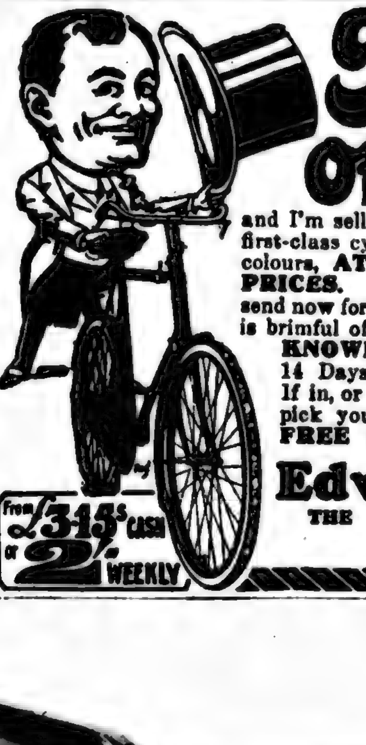
50 MILLION LEMONS USED YEARLY

ZAM-BUK
Soothes Pain
Grows New Skin

INDIGESTION SOON GETS SERIOUS

Indigestion should never be neglected, for it means more than temporary discomfort. Excess stomach acid causes over ninety per cent. of digestive troubles, and unless this acid is dealt with the stomach lining will be damaged and ulcers may form. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is a remedy that is widely used by doctors, nurses and hospitals because it instantly neutralises excess stomach acid and exerts a soothing and healing influence over the stomach lining. If you have indigestion even slightly, you should remove this acid menace without delay. Chemists everywhere sell 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. a package in powder or tablets, and either form, by counteracting the excess acid, beings prompt relief and keeps serious stomach trouble at bay.

I'm O'Brien of Coventry



and I'm selling thousands upon thousands of all kinds of first-class cycles, including sporty road racers in lovely colours, **AT POUNDS BELOW SHOPKEEPERS' PRICES.** Don't miss this money-saving chance but send now for a copy of my **FREE CATALOGUE,** which is brimful of cycle bargains on the **LOWEST TERMS KNOWN FOR 30 YEARS.** Any model sent on 14 Days' approval, **CARRIAGE PAID,** at once. If in, or near Coventry, come to my Warehouse and pick your model from thousands, or send for a **FREE CATALOGUE** to the **OLD FIRM.**

Edwd. O'BRIEN Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER,
Dept. 6 COVENTRY.

Her FATHER was MURDERED

A Desperate Crime—

—and so the children have to pay

A TERRIBLE tragedy occurred at Colnbrook a year ago, when a man was brutally murdered by a fellow workman.

Ever since the calamity life has been a desperate struggle for his widow, Mrs. Sines, and the family of five young children he left behind.

Mrs. Sines was debarred from receiving the widow's pension because her husband's insurance card was insufficiently stamped, and she is now dependent on parish relief to the value of £1 0s. 8d. in kind.

They are van dwellers, and the feeding and clothing of the fatherless children, who are all under ten years old, is an ever-increasing problem.

"My poor husband was one of the best of husbands and fathers," the woman writes; "there could not have been a better.

—and its Tragic Consequences

"I would not mind so much if I were strong enough to work and help to keep the children. But I am not, and when my poor husband was murdered I was left without one penny in the home, and five little ones."

About five months ago Mrs. Sines lost her baby, and the funeral expenses have been an added burden.

* * *

That a man's hasty deed should rob another of his life is tragedy enough, but when it entails a wife and a young family being left to struggle along under the shadow of bleak poverty, it is up to every sympathetic reader to do his or her utmost to redress so great a wrong.

"He who bestows his goods upon the poor
Shall have as much again and ten times more."

◆

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Jumping Joshua, 2s.; S. H. G., 1s. 6d.; N. B. (Bedford), 2s.; Anon. (The Best of Luck), £1; Sweep Winner, 6s. 9d.; A Grateful Invalid, 2s. 6d.; Target Harrowbarrow, 1s.; T. D., 1s.; Anon., 2s.; D. May (God's Tenth), £2; H. W. R. (Camborne), 10s.; Mickydoo, 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; E. B. (Bolton), 6d.; A Sympathiser (Birmingham), 1s.; Anon (Bristol), 15s.; Anon. (Bedford), 10s.; Lilian Eyles, 3s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Geo., 2s. 6d.; Ucalite, 2s.; Mrs. M. A. H., 10s.; Lott and Bill, 2s.; A Lover of Children, 2s.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; Sympathiser, 1s.; Anon. (Ealing), 1s.; Harry Ough (Illinois), 4s.; Mrs. E. Hamill (Menstrie), 5s.; Mr. A. Hughes, 2s. 6d.; Kino, 5s.; M. S., 1s.; Phyl, 3s.; Lincoln Winner, £1; A. W (Blackpool), 2s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; L. S. Bulwell, 7s.; Well Wisher, 10s.; R. F. N. H., 1s.; Mr. A. Christie, 2s.; Old Bick, 1s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

YOUR *Last* CHANCE!

£500 for Your Vote

Must be Won—No Entrance Fee

All estimates must be written in ink and in figures (not words) and made on the coupons taken from JOHN BULL. One X only may be made on each Voting coupon.

Any coupon upon which an alteration has been made or which arrives after the closing date (first post, May 15) will be disqualified.

The sum of £500 will be paid to the competitor or competitors sending the correct or most nearly correct forecast of the total number of votes cast at the General Election. In the event of a tie the prize will be equally divided. The £500 must be won—there is no entrance fee.

No individual's vote on any Voting Coupon will be disclosed, not even that of the winner.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the delay, loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

No correspondence will be entered into.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.

The official figures published in the *Times* will be regarded as final, and the £500 will be awarded accordingly. No claims from competitors are required in this contest, as all entries received will be carefully examined by our staff. Results will appear in JOHN BULL as soon as possible after publication of official figures.

A

VOTING COUPON

To vote CONSERVATIVE put X below:

☐

To vote LABOUR put X below:

☐

To vote LIBERAL put X below:

☐

Only one X must be placed on this coupon. Please state below whether you are a man or woman. (Cross out word which does not apply.)

3 *MAN....WOMAN*

CUT HERE

B

£500
MUST BE WON
Election Forecast
NO ENTRANCE FEE

My estimate of the total number of votes that will be cast in the coming General Election (Write in figures below)

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I enter the "John Bull" General Election Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Coupons must reach us not later than first post on Wednesday, May 15.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS (in block letters) ....

....

....

This coupon must be sent in together with the Coupon on the left.

POST EARLY 3

Cut out Coupons separately and post BOTH together in one envelope (1½d. stamp). Address your entry: "Election Competition," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

P. S. T. (Nottingham).—"It's a long tale of woe." Whoa! That's enough.

B. R. (Exeter).—"My practice is to read one book a week." The rent book?

F. T. (Bridlington).—"A good nap bucks me up." Especially if it comes in first.

H. H. (Truro).—"Lawyers should use shorter words." Yes—and judges shorter sentences.

F. R. (Pitsea).—"Sparrows are fond of my pea shoots." Try pea-shooting the sparrows.

D. J. (Bristol).—"I think the 'talkies' have come to stay." Many people wish they'd stop.

S. M. (Peckham).—"Not one drop of liquor has touched my lips." Do you take it in gulps?

H. F. (Cardiff).—"I believe in putting my best foot foremost." That's a step in the right direction.

V. D. (East Sheen).—"Springtime induces irresponsibility among men." And sends women clean mad.

C. V. (Ford).—"Some people always make you feel at home." And others make you wish you were.

P. N. (Stevenage).—"The nation wants more of the Nelson touch." And a little less of the Chancellor touch.

S. D. (Dover).—"You cannot eat your cake and have it." So you were on that Channel boat, too, were you?

T. P. (Oldham).—"When I telephoned to you the other day, was there an idiot at the end of the line?" Not at our end.

J. M. (Hereford).—"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Tell us what will keep the rate collector away.

K. L. (Marlow).—"What is the most gratifying sign of fame?" When a man retains your cheque for the autograph.

V. G. W. (W.C.2).—"This traffic business wants revolutionising." Good heavens! Don't you think it goes round enough?

H. N. (Stockingford).—"I cannot make out why my little boy gets so black when he plays his games." Probably the cricket pitch.

B. Y. (Diss).—"The first steel pen was made in 1803." We think we must have been using this very pen in a post-office the other day.

P. D. (Eastleigh).—"In the duelling days the settlement of an affair of honour was a matter of about five minutes." And two seconds.

A. McF. (Aberdeen).—"I consider the Scots a very pious people." Naturally, they are all keen to get to the place where there's no more parting.

L. D. (Bodmin).—"I hope to discover a method of making imitation coal." You are too late. Our coal dealer has been delivering the stuff for years.

F. P. (Tufnell Park).—"Most people with a new house are well enough off to start a vegetable garden." Although quite a number of them are without a bean.

H. K. (Brixton).—"Do you think I shall be allowed to try to cross Trafalgar Square on a tight rope?" No, you will have to take your chance among the traffic like anybody else.

F. T. C. (Putney).—"When the B.B.C. takes up television, people will be able to see plays without taking seats at the theatre." And we don't see how the managers will be able to bring them to book.

J. K. (Westminster).—"Is it true, as stated, that about 350 London streets will be 'up' within the next six months?" Unfortunately there are always breakers ahead for the unfortunate Londoner.

A. V. (Wigan).—"What is the cause of the crime wave?" Law breakers.

L. B. (Acton).—"Our maid has no 'go' in her." Great Scot! What a treasure!

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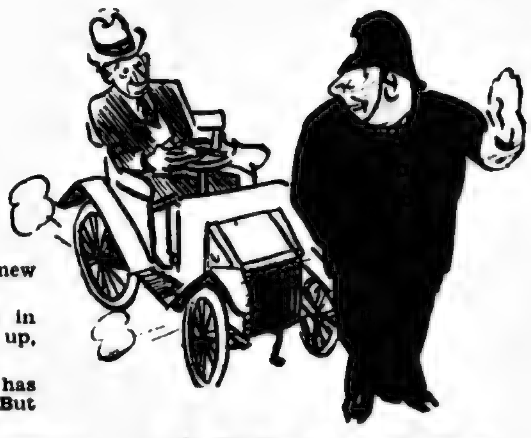

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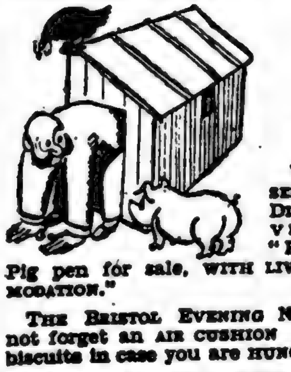

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A "Wemco" Fabric.

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See the Tab in every Garment. None Genuine Without.

Write to (Dept. 15a) 19, Watling St., London, E.C.4, if any difficulty in obtaining

"TREMOLA"—made by the Manufacturers of "Tricoline."

The Finest Cycle Value in England is Offered in **SELFRIDGE'S** TOURIST MODEL

9/3 with Order, and 14 monthly payments of 9/3 completes purchase of this super Bicycle.

Cash Price **£5.19.6** Carriage Paid

COMPLETE SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED 10 YEARS

WELDLESS STEEL FRAMES rust-proofed, beautifully enamelled and lined. All usual parts heavily plated or all weather finish same price.

Specification includes:
DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.
DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLE.
RENOLD Half-inch PITCH CHAIN.
STURMEY ARCHER 3-SPEED.
OILBATH GEAR CASE.
VALANCED MUD GUARDS.
BLUEMEL 15"x1" PUMP. Solid Leather Tool Bag. Tools. Oiler and Reflector included Free.

Send at once for Illustrated List. **SELFRIDGE & CO.,** OXFORD ST. LONDON.

Hall's Wine

Supreme Tonic Restorative

for Anæmia
Weakness
Depression
or Nerves

Do you realise that weariness and nerve-weakness are often due to poor blood? Do you know that every drop of Hall's Wine you take makes rich, red, vigorous blood which means new strength to the nerves and new life and vitality to the entire system? Let Hall's Wine help you NOW. Buy a Bottle to-day.

Large Bottle, 5/6. Smaller size, 3/3.

Enclosed with every bottle of Hall's Wine is a coupon which entitles you to a Free Sample of Hall's Wine for your sick friend.

722

Eiffel Tower Lemonade

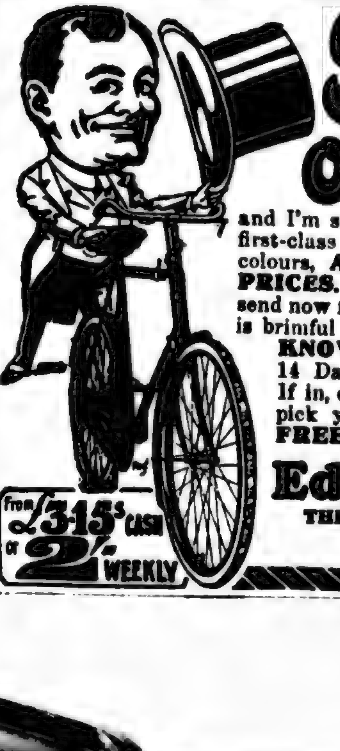
50 MILLION LEMONS USED YEARLY

ZAM-BUK
Soothes Pain
Grows New Skin

INDIGESTION SOON GETS SERIOUS

Indigestion should never be neglected, for it means more than temporary discomfort. Excess stomach acid causes over ninety per cent. of digestive troubles, and unless this acid is dealt with the stomach lining will be damaged and ulcers may form. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is a remedy that is widely used by doctors, nurses and hospitals because it instantly neutralises excess stomach acid and exerts a soothing and healing influence over the stomach lining. If you have indigestion even slightly, you should remove this acid menace without delay. Chemists everywhere sell 'Bisurated' Magnesia at 1s. 3d. a package in powder or tablets, and either form, by counteracting the excess acid, beings prompt relief and keeps serious stomach trouble at bay.

I'm O'Brien of Coventry


From £3.15s CASH or 2/- WEEKLY

and I'm selling thousands upon thousands of all kinds of first-class cycles, including sporty road racers in lovely colours, **AT POUNDS BELOW SHOPKEEPERS' PRICES.** Don't miss this money-saving chance but send now for a copy of my **FREE CATALOGUE,** which is brimful of cycle bargains on the **LOWEST TERMS KNOWN FOR 30 YEARS.** Any model sent on 14 Days' approval, **CARRIAGE PAID,** at once. If in, or near Coventry, come to my Warehouse and pick your model from thousands, or send for a **FREE CATALOGUE** to the **OLD FIRM.**

Edwd. O'BRIEN Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER,
Dept. 6 COVENTRY.

Her FATHER *was* MURDERED

A Desperate Crime—

—and so the children have to pay

A TERRIBLE tragedy occurred at Colnbrook a year ago, when a man was brutally murdered by a fellow workman.

Ever since the calamity life has been a desperate struggle for his widow, Mrs. Sines, and the family of five young children he left behind.

Mrs. Sines was debarred from receiving the widow's pension because her husband's insurance card was insufficiently stamped, and she is now dependent on parish relief to the value of £1 0s. 8d. in kind.

They are van dwellers, and the feeding and clothing of the fatherless children, who are all under ten years old, is an ever-increasing problem.

"My poor husband was one of the best of husbands and fathers," the woman writes; "there could not have been a better.

—and its Tragic Consequences

"I would not mind so much if I were strong enough to work and help to keep the children. But I am not, and when my poor husband was murdered I was left without one penny in the home, and five little ones."

About five months ago Mrs. Sines lost her baby, and the funeral expenses have been an added burden.

* * *

That a man's hasty deed should rob another of his life is tragedy enough, but when it entails a wife and a young family being left to struggle along under the shadow of bleak poverty, it is up to every sympathetic reader to do his or her utmost to redress so great a wrong.

"He who bestows his goods upon the poor
Shall have as much again and ten times more."

◆

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities' Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Jumping Joshua, 2s.; S. H. G., 1s. 6d.; N. B. (Bedford), 2s.; Anon. (The Best of Luck), £1; Sweep Winner, 6s. 9d.; A Grateful Invalid, 2s. 6d.; Target Harrowbarrow, 1s.; T. D., 1s.; Anon., 2s.; D. May (God's Tenth), £2; H. W. R. (Camborne), 10s.; Mickydoo, 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; E. B. (Bolton), 6d.; A Sympathiser (Birmingham), 1s.; Anon (Bristol), 15s.; Anon. (Bedford), 10s.; Liliane Eyles, 3s. 6d.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Geo., 2s. 6d.; Ucalite, 2s.; Mrs. M. A. H., 10s.; Lott and Bill, 2s.; A Lover of Children, 2s.; E. S. C. (Rangoon), 2s.; Sympathiser, 1s.; Anon. (Ealing), 1s.; Harry Ough (Illinois), 4s.; Mrs. E. Hamill (Menstrie), 5s.; Mr. A. Hughes, 2s. 6d.; Kino, 5s.; M. S., 1s.; Phyl, 3s.; Lincoln Winner, £1; A. W. (Blackpool), 2s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; L. S. Bulwell, 7s.; Well Wisher, 10s.; R. F. N. H., 1s.; Mr. A. Christie, 2s.; Old Bick, 1s.

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YOUR *Last* CHANCE!

£500 for Your Vote

Must be Won—No Entrance Fee

All estimates must be written in ink and in figures (not words) and made on the coupons taken from JOHN BULL. One X only may be made on each Voting coupon.

Any coupon upon which an alteration has been made or which arrives after the closing date (first post, May 15) will be disqualified.

The sum of £500 will be paid to the competitor or competitors sending the correct or most nearly correct forecast of the total number of votes cast at the General Election. In the event of a tie the prize will be equally divided. The £500 must be won—there is no entrance fee.

No individual's vote on any Voting Coupon will be disclosed, not even that of the winner.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the delay, loss or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.

No correspondence will be entered into.

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding.

The official figures published in the *Times* will be regarded as final, and the £500 will be awarded accordingly. No claims from competitors are required in this contest, as all entries received will be carefully examined by our staff. Results will appear in JOHN BULL as soon as possible after publication of official figures.

A

VOTING COUPON

To vote CONSERVATIVE put X below:
☐

To vote LABOUR put X below:
☐

To vote LIBERAL put X below:
☐

Only one X must be placed on this coupon. Please state below whether you are a man or woman. (Cross out word which does not apply.)

3 *MAN....WOMAN*

CUT HERE

B

£500
MUST BE WON
Election Forecast
NO ENTRANCE FEE

My estimate of the total number of votes that will be cast in the coming General Election (Write in figures below)

....

I enter the "John Bull" General Election Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Coupons must reach us not later than first post on Wednesday, May 15.

SIGNED ....

ADDRESS (in block letters) ....

....

....

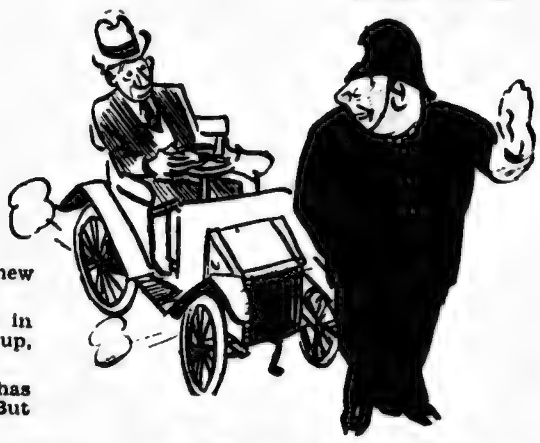
This coupon must be sent in together with the Coupon on the left.

POST EARLY 3

Cut out Coupons separately and post BOTH together in one envelope (1½d. stamp). Address your entry: "Election Competition," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies



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P. S. T. (Nottingham).—"It's a long tale of woe." Whoa! That's enough.

B. R. (Exeter).—"My practice is to read one book a week." The rent book?

F. T. (Bridlington).—"A good nap bucks me up." Especially if it comes in first.

H. H. (Truro).—"Lawyers should use shorter words." Yes—and judges shorter sentences.

F. R. (Pitsea).—"Sparrows are fond of my pea shoots." Try pea-shooting the sparrows.

D. J. (Bristol).—"I think the 'talkies' have come to stay." Many people wish they'd stop.

S. M. (Peckham).—"Not one drop of liquor has touched my lips." Do you take it in gulps?

H. F. (Cardiff).—"I believe in putting my best foot foremost." That's a step in the right direction.

V. D. (East Sheen).—"Springtime induces irresponsibility among men." And sends women clean mad.

C. V. (Ford).—"Some people always make you feel at home." And others make you wish you were.

P. N. (Stevenage).—"The nation wants more of the Nelson touch." And a little less of the Chancellor touch.

S. D. (Dover).—"You cannot eat your cake and have it." So you were on that Channel boat, too, were you?

T. P. (Oldham).—"When I telephoned to you the other day, was there an idiot at the end of the line?" Not at our end.

J. M. (Hereford).—"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." Tell us what will keep the rate collector away.

K. L. (Marlow).—"What is the most gratifying sign of fame?" When a man retains your cheque for the autograph.

V. G. W. (W.C.2).—"This traffic business wants revolutionising." Good heavens! Don't you think it goes round enough?

H. N. (Stockingford).—"I cannot make out why my little boy gets so black when he plays his games." Probably the cricket pitch.

B. Y. (Diss).—"The first steel pen was made in 1803." We think we must have been using this very pen in a post-office the other day.

P. D. (Eastleigh).—"In the duelling days the settlement of an affair of honour was a matter of about five minutes." And two seconds.

A. McF. (Aberdeen).—"I consider the Scots a very pious people." Naturally, they are all keen to get to the place where there's no more parting.

L. D. (Bodmin).—"I hope to discover a method of making imitation coal." You are too late. Our coal dealer has been delivering the stuff for years.

F. P. (Tufnell Park).—"Most people with a new house are well enough off to start a vegetable garden." Although quite a number of them are without a bean.

H. K. (Brixton).—"Do you think I shall be allowed to try to cross Trafalgar Square on a tight rope?" No, you will have to take your chance among the traffic like anybody else.

F. T. C. (Putney).—"When the B.B.C. takes up television, people will be able to see plays without taking seats at the theatre." And we don't see how the managers will be able to bring them to book.

J. K. (Westminster).—"Is it true, as stated, that about 350 London streets will be 'up' within the next six months?" Unfortunately there are always breakers ahead for the unfortunate Londoner.

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HELP FOR SUFFERING WOMEN

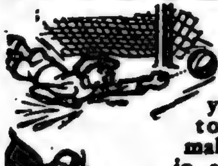
Gain a New Lease of Life.

There comes a time in every woman's life when some of her attractiveness wanes and she grows faded, tired and listless. It may be that household worries or the cares of motherhood have sapped her strength, or perhaps middle age is at hand, with its difficulties and trials. If you find yourself getting depressed, if you have frequent headaches or back pains, you should take prompt steps to safeguard your health.

The best health-help that any woman can possibly have is a course of Dr. Williams' pink pills. Tired, depressed women can become bright and well by taking these pills, because they act by giving necessary elements to the weakened system. Thus they build up new strength, new blood and steady nerves, restoring bright eyes and the pink tinge of real health to the cheeks.

So take advantage of the wonderful health-help of Dr. Williams' pink pills without delay. Of all chemists, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. Every woman in the Kingdom should read the booklet "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C.F. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1



A GOOD SAVE

A save of 3½d. on every twenty. You can use your favourite tobacco, and make a cigarette in a second if you use

ZIG-ZAG

CIGARETTE PAPERS ®

PLUVEX

ROOF FELT

Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 5/9, Heavy grade 8/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under lino on concrete prevents rot.

LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers Everywhere

WINDOW-CLEANING TRAGEDY

Reader Killed

"JOHN BULL" PAYS £100

Mrs. Readhead, 8, Collins Avenue, Norton-on-Tees, Stockton, was cleaning windows, when she overbalanced and fell, dying of her injuries. JOHN BULL has dispatched to her widower a cheque for £100. Full story appears on page 24. We give below a few of the many other accident benefits paid this week under our Great Free Insurance Gift.

Accident Benefits, £8.

LEEDS.—Mrs. C. EGAN, 18, Cuttell Street, Cromwell Street. LEICESTER.—Mrs. J. POWDRILL, 100, Leicester Road, Wigston Magna. BARRY DOCK, GLAM.—Mrs. H. W. NETHERCOTT, 94, Morel Street. BANGOR.—Mrs. M. OWEN, Llys Gwynnedd. SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. D. B. MACEY, 21, Britton Street. LEEDS.—Mr. J. T. TODD, 17, Jubilee Terrace, Woodhouse Street. HUNMANBY, YORKS.—Mrs. S. E. MAKIN, "Holmfield," Bridlington Street. HAYDOCK, Nr. ST. HELEN'S.—Mrs. S. A. FORSHAW, 334, Church Road. SWANSEA.—Mr. D. J. PORTER, 10, Pleasant Row, Foxhole. LONDON.—Mrs. A. S. RINGSHALL, 42, Crosby Row, Kipling Street, Long Lane, S.E.1. BLYTH, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mrs. J. A. STAFFORD, 67, Hambledon Street. SOUTHAMPTON.—Mrs. E. E. ELLIOTT, 125, St. Deny's Road. BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. H. THOMPSON, 17, Bath Passage, Monument Road, Ladywood. DEWSBURY.—Mrs. A. BRIERLEY, 20, Ravens Street, Ravensthorpe. HAMSTERLEY COLLIERY, Co. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. FRETWELL, 5, Cronniwell Row. OLDHAM, LANCS.—Mrs. S. A. SHELDON, 4, Vernon Street, off Union Street West. BRISTOL.—Mrs. A. HOLLISTER, 106, York Road, New Cut. BLIDWORTH, Nr. MANSFIELD, NOTTS.—Mrs. L. KNOWLES, Main Street. BARKING, ESSEX.—Mrs. E. M. THROSSELL, 89, St. Awdrey's Road. CINDERFORD, GLOS.—Mrs. M. E. DANIELL, Flaxley Street. DEPTFORD, S.E.8.—Mrs. E. L. SMITH, 86, Warwick Street. BERMONDSEY, S.E.1.—Mrs. A. LANCASHIRE, 152, Weston Street. CYMMER, PORTH.—Mrs. M. A. BLEWITT, 126, Trebanog Road. KIRKCALDY.—Miss J. YOUNG, 5, Munro Street. WILLINGTON QUAY, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. J. CORLESS, 18, Boundary Street. CHORLEY, LANCS.—Mrs. M. E. YATES, 32, Cunliffe Street. GLASGOW, C.5.—Mr. J. MENZIES, 75, Rose Street. WARRINGTON.—Mrs. A. CREGAN, 16, Appleton Street. SUNDERLAND.—Mrs. F. A. McLOUGHLIN, 2, Tweed Street. ILFORD, ESSEX.—Mrs. F. A. S. COSTIE, 19, Khartoum Road.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS and CHILDREN'S BENEFITS — *SIGN NOW.*

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) ....

Address ....

....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature ....

Address ....

Date ....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 11/5/29.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO

"John Bull," Registration Department,
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.

Age..........

Address ....

....

....

Name and address of Newsagent ....

....

..................Date..........

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 11/5/29.

WRITE NOW! IT'S FREE!

5/6

Handsome Nickelled Watch accurately timed dust-proof case, complete with strap. Lady's or Gent's size 5/6

See the amazing money saving offers in Watches and Jewellery in H. Samuel's 100-page FREE BOOK! Send postcard to the Factory now! Handsome Free Prizes. Any Article C.O.D.

Write to-day!

H. SAMUEL Ltd (Dept. 189), Market St., Manchester.

THE WORLDS BEST CYCLE

THE PRODUCT OF 51 YEARS EXPERIENCE

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR FOR 2/6 DOWN

NOTHING MORE TO PAY FOR A MONTH

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

CARRIAGE PAID Direct from our Factory to you. GUARANTEED FOR EVER.

DUNLOP CORD TYRES

BROOKS SADDLE

RENOLD CHAIN

From (CASH) 3/15/0

Money refunded if dissatisfied.

List FREE. Write now.

Est. 51 Years.

JUNO

JUNO CYCLE Co., Dept. D.2, 248, Bishopsgate, LONDON, E.C.2

FILL IN THE FORMS BELOW

A FREE "J.B. ENSIGN" CAMERA FOR YOU AND YOUR FRIEND

SEE BACK PAGE!

½d. stamp MUST be affixed by YOU in this space to cover return postage.

From: "JOHN BULL," Gift Department,
85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Name ....

Address ....

....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

CUT HERE—DO NOT SEPARATE FORMS BELOW

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "A"

To be filled in by the reader of "JOHN BULL" who is introducing a new reader.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.7), 12-16, Wilson St., London, W.C.2.

IMPORTANT
Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with these Reservation Forms. This label, which will be used by "JOHN BULL" for sending to you both your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers, MUST be filled in by the "John Bull" reader with his name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed by YOU to blank space provided.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my undertaking to give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks and also for introducing a new reader who has personally signed Form B and who undertakes to give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

Please send me Official Gift Voucher for the Free "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

N.B.—Please also fill in your name and full postal address on the Label on the left, also affix halfpenny stamp on space provided to cover return postage.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

..................DATE

A 7.

Give below name and address of Newsagent.

*("John Bull") ....

....

*("The People") ....

....

*If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form above.

J.B. 11.5.29. Available until 25.5.29. Please write clearly.

Checked..........

N.B.—Do not separate these forms — send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST be filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.7), 12-16, Wilson Street London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months. I undertake to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera (*). I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DATE..................

(*) Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own. Give below name and address of your newsagent.

("John Bull") ....

....

†("The People") ....

....

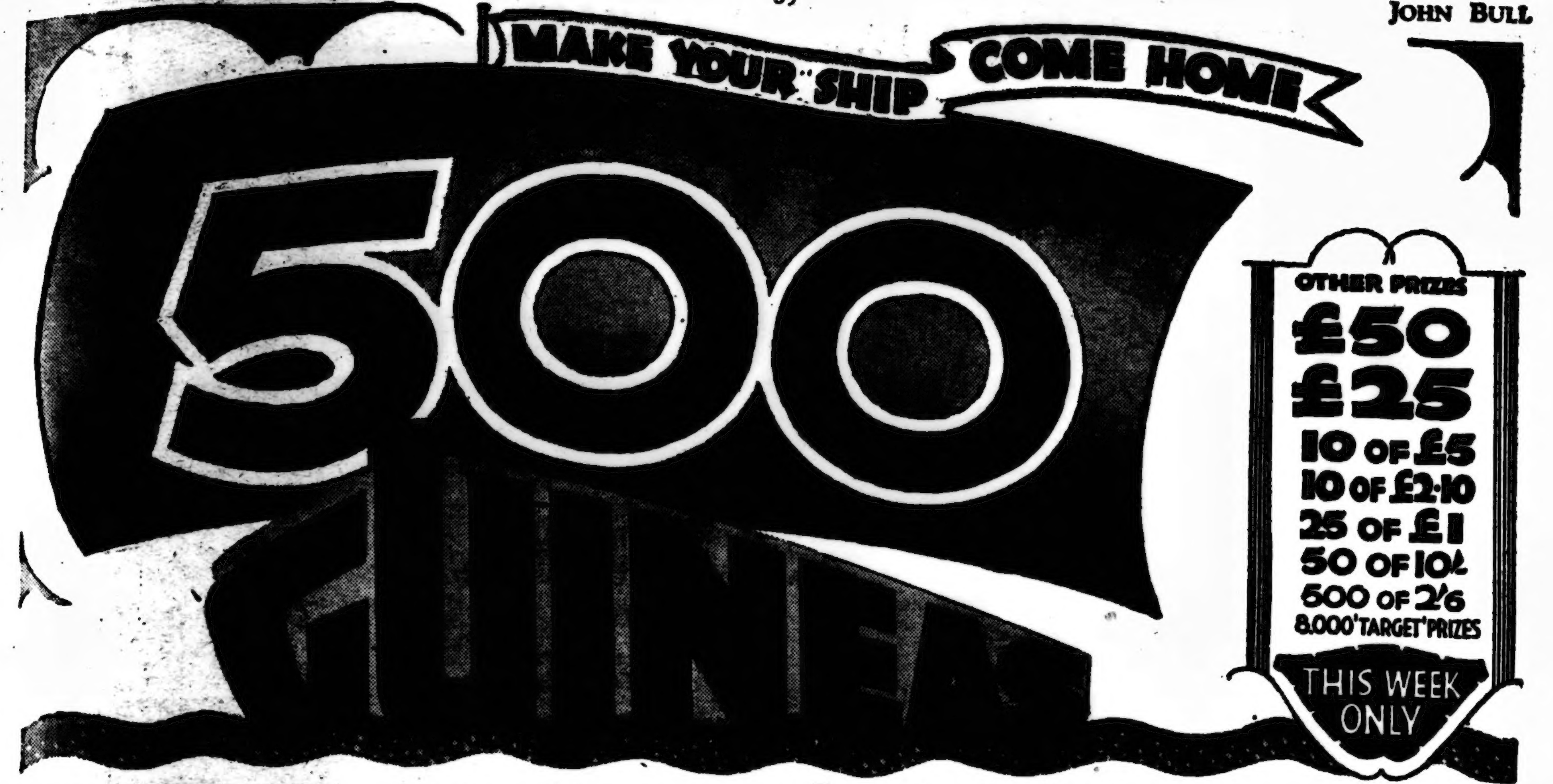
†If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked..........

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp and send in with these Forms.

4 29



STEER YOUR 500 GUINEA SHIP HOME.

THE *Bullets* ship is sailing merrily along this week heavily laden with bullion. The heaviest portion is worth 500 Guineas and the captain is anxious to learn where he has to discharge this wealth.

The voyage lasts for one week only and you must hurry up with a good *Bullet* if you wish to have your name inscribed on the consignment list.

In addition to the 500 Guineas there are many other cash awards, ranging from £50 to 2/6. Enter your *Bullet* now. Don't miss the Boat.

MAKING a *Bullet* is one of the simplest tasks imaginable. All you have to do is to take one of the *Examples* given on this page and add some comment of your own in TWO, THREE or FOUR Words.

Originality and aptness are the test of merit, and a study of this week's winning Bullets is recommended to help you win.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 713

FIRST PRIZE OF £300

MR. SAM HODGSON, 171, Park Avenue, Barrow-in-Furness.

Example :—Always In The Picture
Bullet :—By Always "Stepping Out."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50 :

Mrs. H. SCOTT, 48, [illegible] Road, Carrington, Nottingham.
Example :—Too Many
Bullet :—Grades Of Milk—Two!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 :

Mr. C. GAMBLE, 62, [illegible], Lenton, Nottingham.
Example : Down In The Coalfields
Bullet :—Prince's *Frown* Brightened Things.

2 Prizes of £20 each :

Mr. E. B. MARTIN, 3, Winchester Road, Andover, Hants.
Example :—Price War
Bullet :—Mother Returns With "Spoils."

Mr. W. PHILPOTTS, "[illegible]," Merthyr, Glam.
Example :—All Nonsense
Bullet :—"You Capitalist!"—"You Socialist!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

5 Prizes of £10 each :

R. Brear, 73, Hamilton Street, Stalybridge.
Too Many—Lives, Modern Life Demands.

R. E. Brown, 15, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
Election Campaign—Manifestoes Contradicting What's Manifest.

F. H. Chapman, 22, Westfield Lane, Mansfield.
"How's Business?"—"Picking Up—Dropped Prices."

S. Graham, Killymoyle, Castlecaulfield, Co. Tyrone.
"How's Business?"—Once *Insulted* An Aristocrat.

W. Pitman, 392, Heaton Road, Bradford, Yorks.
Too Many—Careless Servants Breaking *Country*.

10 Prizes of £6 each :

W. Adams, 35, Piedmont Road, Plumstead, S.E.
Down In The Coalfields—Teapots Empty—"Cups" Overflowing.

J. Beard, 34, Manor Street, St. Helens, Lancs.
Half-Hearted — Members Reappear Big-Hearted Candidates.

R. Castle, 16, High Street, Marylebone, W.
Election Campaign—Who'll Capture Unemployed Army?

W. Hill, 38, Prince Road, S. Norwood, S.E.
"How's Business?"—Then Holborn *Man* Exploded.

W. Jarrett, 14, Queen's Road, Mortlake, S.W.
One After Another—Considered—Tore Up Voting-paper.

W. W. Lewis, 41, Briarbank Terrace, Edinburgh.
With A Vote—And Rubber—Flapper's Ready.

G. E. Marchant, Gordon Villa, Claygate, Surrey.
The Time's Coming When—To-day's Unsolved Problems Insoluble.

G. O'Dowd, 23, Bankhouse Lane, Salterhebble, Halifax.
Cheer Up, Mr. Taxpayer—There's Three Rescue Parties!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. J. R. Turk, Rose Cottage, Ruscombe, Stroud.
In The Front Rank—Of "Health Resorts"—Bathroom.

W. Tye, 7, Beacon Road, Woodhouse Eaves.
With A Vote—Maiden *Mustn't* Be Modest!

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.
A list of 60 £5 winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

☞ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "John Bull," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Advance Details for "Bullets" No. 717.
First Prize £300—Second Prize £50—Third Prize £25—20 Prizes of £6—100 Surprise awards value £5 10s. each—500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Tonic For The Nation—After All The Commotion—Against The Law—You Bet—Strictly Limited—A Scare-monger—I'd Like To Be—Hectic Time—The Next Man In—Superhuman Effort—Waiting For Result—Only The Bridegroom—The Longest—Summer's Coming, So—We Shall See—Have You Heard—Bookie's Harvest—In The End—She Blushed And—Common To All—Thank Goodness—Barred—He Was Warned, But—Biting The Dust—Loved And Lost—Never The Same—One Thing's Certain—Price of Happiness—When A Woman Loves—His Wife And Family—Shipmates—"Congratulations!"

(Closing Saturday, May 25.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to John Bull and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 716.

NEW PARLIAMENT
TALKING AND SILENT
NEARER
SOMEBODY BLUNDERED
CHAINS OF OFFICE
AT LARGE
YOUNG PEOPLE
TO ERR IS HUMAN
A DOG FIGHT
RESULT OF THE ELECTION
ROUND ONE
HE HAD A JOB, BUT
BIG RESPONSIBILITY
HUBBY THINKS
HORSE WORTH BACKING
GUARANTEED
PROMPT PAYMENT
ALWAYS OUT
REGULARLY
STEADY, MR. MOTORIST
NOBODY LOVES HER
LIKE A LAMB
HAIL—RAIN—SNOW
WHAT BABY WILL BE
I'D LIKE TO SEE
OUR ANCESTORS
LET BYGONES BE BYGONES
DETERMINATION
ONE MAN
KISSES
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR
WHERE ARE OUR STATESMEN?

Example ______ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 18.
Bullet ______
Example ______
Bullet ______
(716) P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ______
Address ______

Example ______ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 18.
Bullet ______
Example ______
Bullet ______
(716) P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ______
Address ______

Example ______ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 18.
Bullet ______
Example ______
Bullet ______
(716) P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ______
Address ______

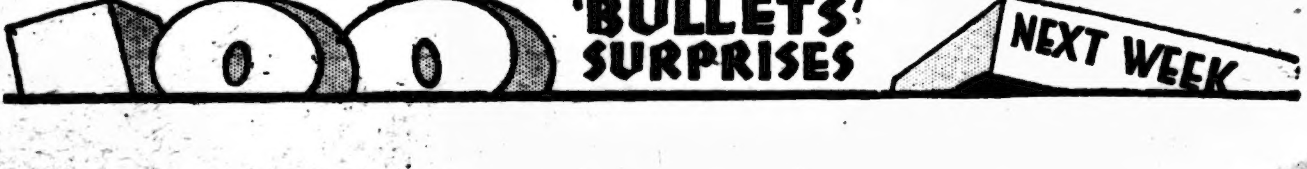
Example ______ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 18.
Bullet ______
Example ______
Bullet ______
(716) P.O. No. ______
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ______
Address ______

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Coupons:** "Bullets" No. 716, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 716 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 712 will be shown in the window of Messrs. W. H. Wood and Son, 1a, Spring Gardens, Manchester.



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Reader Killed

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Signature ------------------

Address ------------------

Date ------------

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J.B., 11/5/29.

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Reader's Signature.

Age ------

Address ------------------

Name and address of Newsagent ------------------

------------------ Date ------

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 11/5/29.

WRITE NOW! IT'S FREE!

5/6

Handsome Nickelled Watch accurately timed dust-proof case, complete with strap. Lady's or Gent's size 5/6

See the amazing money saving offers in Watches and Jewellery in H. Samuel's 100-page FREE BOOK! Send postcard to the Factory now! Handsome Free Prizes. Any Article C.O.D.

Write to-day!

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JUNO

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*If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."
N.B.—If you are NOT already a registered reader you may, if you wish, enclose Registration Form above.
J.B. 11.5.29. Available until 25.5.29. Please write clearly.

Checked ....

N.B.—Do not separate these forms — send them to "John Bull" together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST also affix halfpenny stamp to label on left to cover return postage on your Gift Vouchers.

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

Reservation Form "B"

This Form MUST be filled in and signed by the new reader personally—NOT by the "John Bull" reader who is introducing him.

To "JOHN BULL" (Dept. A.7), 12-16, Wilson Street London, W.C.2.

Your special Gift Offer was introduced to me by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form on the left. I hereby certify that I am NOT at present a reader of "John Bull" or "The People," and that I have not purchased either of these publications for the past three months. I undertake to give them both a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve a "J.B. Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) Official Gift Voucher for my "J.B. Ensign" Camera (*). I have read and agree to abide by the conditions governing this offer

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DATE ....

(*) Please note that your friend will hand you your Gift Voucher. It will be sent to him together with his own.
Give below name and address of your newsagent.

("John Bull") ....

....

†("The People") ....

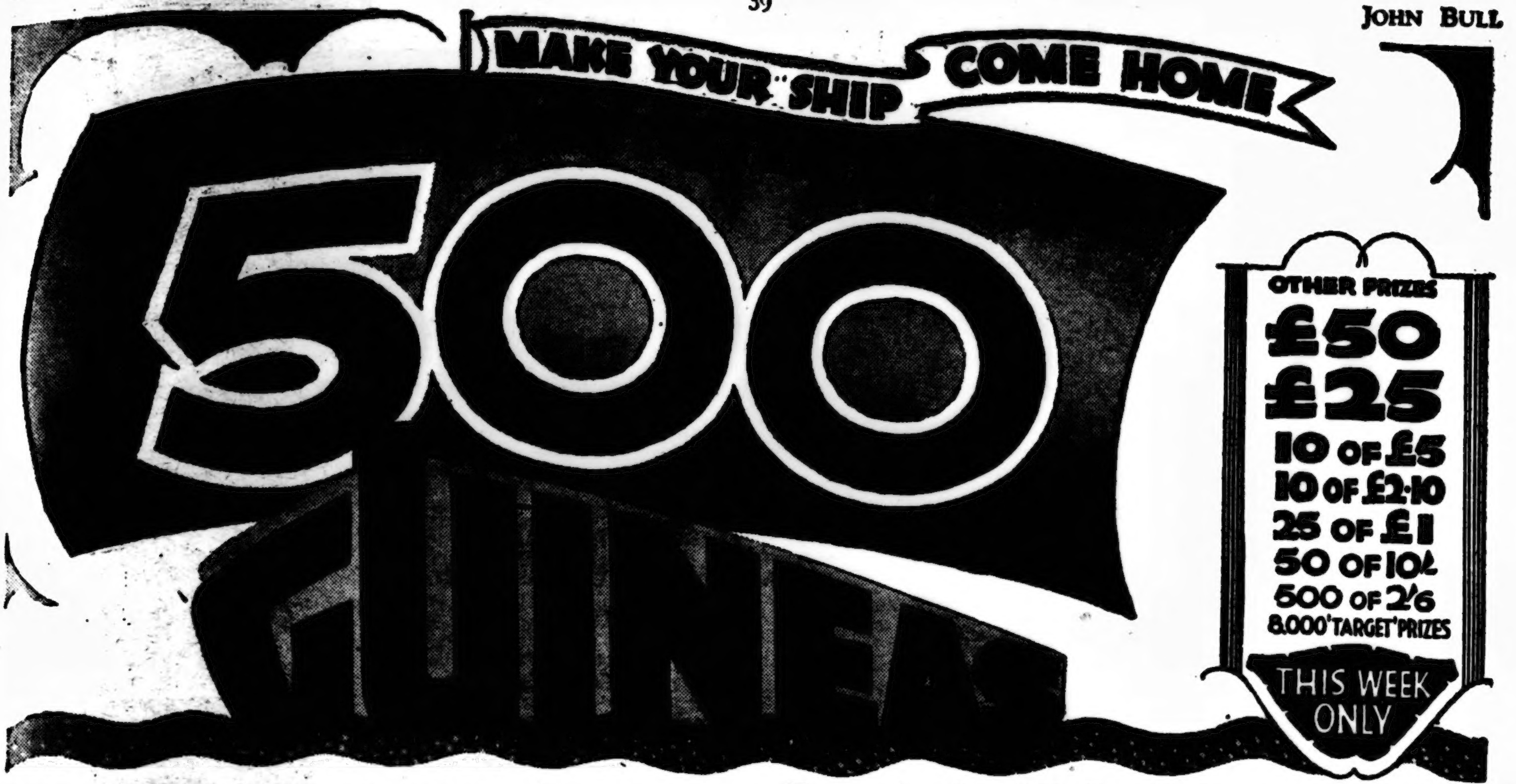
....

†If the same as "John Bull" write in space above "as above."

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Checked ....

Cut out label very neatly—affix halfpenny stamp and send in with these Forms.



STEER YOUR 500 GUINEA SHIP HOME.

THE *Bullets* ship is sailing merrily along this week heavily laden with bullion. The heaviest portion is worth 500 Guineas and the captain is anxious to learn where he has to discharge this wealth.

The voyage lasts for one week only and you must hurry up with a good *Bullet* if you wish to have your name inscribed on the consignment list.

In addition to the 500 Guineas there are many other cash awards, ranging from £50 to 2/6. Enter your *Bullet* now. Don't miss the Boat.

MAKING a *Bullet* is one of the simplest tasks imaginable. All you have to do is to take one of the *Examples* given on this page and add some comment of your own in TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS.

Originality and aptness are the test of merit, and a study of this week's winning Bullets is recommended to help you win.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 713

FIRST PRIZE OF £300

MR. SAM HODGSON, 171, Park Avenue, Barrow-in-Furness.

Example :—ALWAYS IN THE PICTURE
Bullet :—BY ALWAYS "STEPPING OUT."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. H. SCOTT, 46, [illegible] Road, Carrington, Nottingham.
Example :—TOO MANY
Bullet :—GRADES OF MILK—TWO!

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. C. GAMBLE, 62, Hill Side, Lenton, Nottingham.
Example : DOWN IN THE COALFIELDS
Bullet :—PRINCE'S *Frown* BRIGHTENED THINGS.

2 Prizes of £20 each:

Mr. E. B. MARTIN, 2, Winchester Road, Andover, Hants.
Example :—PRICE WAR
Bullet :—MOTHER RETURNS WITH "SPOILS."

Mr. W. PHILPOTTS, "[illegible]," Merthyr, Glam.
Example :—ALL NONSENSE.
Bullet :—"YOU CAPITALIST!"—"YOU SOCIALIST!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

5 Prizes of £10 each:

R. BREAR, 73, Hamilton Street, Stalybridge.
TOO MANY—LIVES, MODERN LIFE DEMANDS.

R. E. BROWN, 15, Bernard Street, Nottingham.
ELECTION CAMPAIGN—MANIFESTOES CONTRADICTING WHAT'S MANIFEST.

F. H. CHAPMAN, 22, Westfield Lane, Mansfield.
"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—"PICKING UP—DROPPED PRICES."

S. GRAHAM, Killymoyle, Castlecaulfield, Co. Tyrone.
"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—ONCE *Insulted* AN ARISTOCRAT.

W. PITMAN, 392, Heaton Road, Bradford, Yorks.
TOO MANY—CARELESS SERVANTS BREAKING *Country*.

10 Prizes of £6 each:

W. ADAMS, 35, Piedmont Road, Plumstead, S.E.
DOWN IN THE COALFIELDS—TEAPOTS EMPTY—"CUPS" OVERFLOWING.

J. PEARD, 34, Manor Street, St. Helens, Lancs.
HALF-HEARTED — MEMBERS REAPPEAR BIG-HEARTED CANDIDATES.

R. CASTLE, 16, High Street, Marylebone, W.
ELECTION CAMPAIGN—WHO'LL CAPTURE UNEMPLOYED ARMY?

W. HILL, 38, PRINCE ROAD, S. Norwood, S.E.
"HOW'S BUSINESS?"—THEN HOLBORN *Man* EXPLODED.

W. JARRETT, 14, Queen's Road, Mortlake, S.W.
ONE AFTER ANOTHER—CONSIDERED—TORE UP VOTING-PAPER.

W. W. LEWIS, 41, Briarbank Terrace, Edinburgh.
WITH A VOTE—AND RUBBER—FLAPPER'S READY.

G. E. MARCHANT, Gordon Villa, Claygate, Surrey.
THE TIME'S COMING WHEN—TO-DAY'S UNSOLVED PROBLEMS INSOLUBLE.

G. O'DOWD, 23, Bankhouse Lane, Salterhebble, Halifax.
CHEER UP, MR. TAXPAYER—THERE'S THREE RESCUE PARTIES!
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

MRS. J. R. TURK, Rose Cottage, Ruscombe, Stroud.
IN THE FRONT RANK—OF "HEALTH RESORTS"—BATHROOM.

W. TYE, 7, Beacon Road, Woodhouse Eaves.
WITH A VOTE—MAIDEN *Mustn't* BE MODEST!

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

A list of 60 £5 winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

☞ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to "JOHN BULL," brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., "JOHN BULL," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

Advance Details for "Bullets" No. 717.

First Prize £300—Second Prize £50—Third Prize £25—20 Prizes of £6—100 Surprise awards value £5 10s. each—500 Prizes of 2/6—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

Tonic For The Nation—After All The Commotion—Against The Law—You Bet—Strictly Limited—A Scare-monger—I'd Like To Be—Hectic Time—The Next Man In—Superhuman Effort—Waiting For Result—Only The Bridegroom—The Longest—Summer's Coming, So—We Shall See—Have You Heard—Bookie's Harvest—In The End—She Blushed And—Common To All—Thank Goodness—Barred—He Was Warned, But—Biting The Dust—Loved And Lost—Never The Same—One Thing's Certain—Price of Happiness—When A Woman Loves—His Wife And Family—Shipmates—"Congratulations!"

(Closing Saturday, May 25.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 716.

NEW PARLIAMENT
TALKING AND SILENT
NEARER
SOMEBODY BLUNDERED
CHAINS OF OFFICE
AT LARGE
YOUNG PEOPLE
TO ERR IS HUMAN
A DOG FIGHT
RESULT OF THE ELECTION
ROUND ONE
HE HAD A JOB, BUT
BIG RESPONSIBILITY
HUBBY THINKS
HORSE WORTH BACKING
GUARANTEED
PROMPT PAYMENT
ALWAYS OUT
REGULARLY
STEADY, MR. MOTORIST
NOBODY LOVES HER
LIKE A LAMB
HAIL—RAIN—SNOW
WHAT BABY WILL BE
I'D LIKE TO SEE
OUR ANCESTORS
LET BYGONES BE BYGONES
DETERMINATION
ONE MAN
KISSES
KNOCKING AT THE DOOR
WHERE ARE OUR STATESMEN?

Example ____________ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 18.
Bullet
Example ____________
Bullet
(716) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

Example ____________ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 18.
Bullet
Example ____________
Bullet
(716) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

Example ____________ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 18.
Bullet
Example ____________
Bullet
(716) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

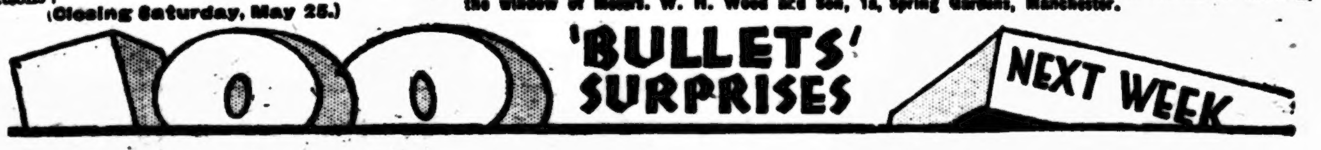
Example ____________ Closing Date, SATURDAY, May 18.
Bullet
Example ____________
Bullet
(716) P.O. No. ____________
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed ____________
Address ____________

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ **Address Coupons:** "Bullets" No. 716, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 716 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £600 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 712 will be shown in the window of Messrs. W. H. Wood and Son, 1a, Spring Gardens, Manchester.

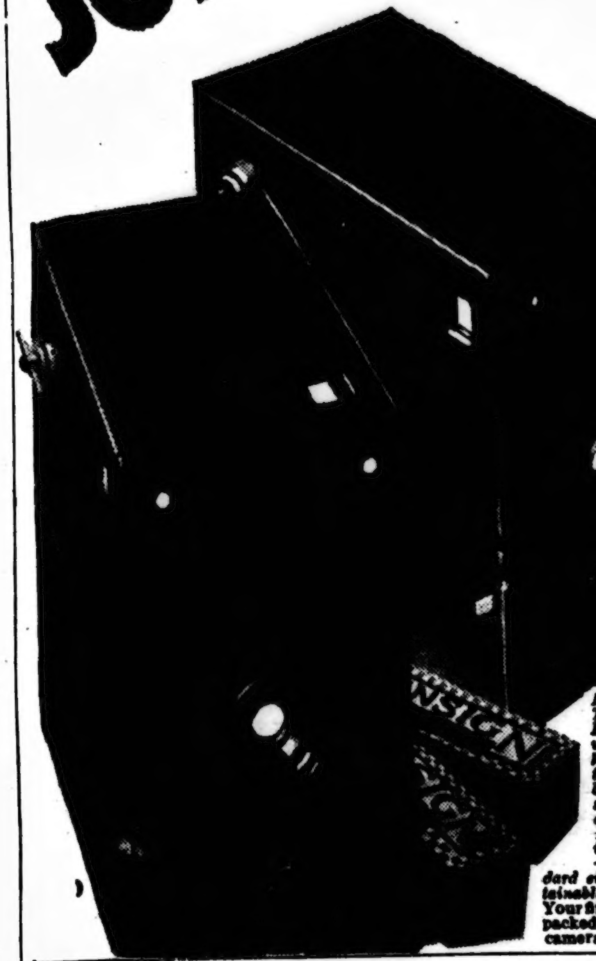


One more chance!

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT!

FREE "J. B. ENSIGN" CAMERA

FOR BOTH YOU AND YOUR FRIEND



British Made. TWO - View Finders. Takes upright or horizontal pictures—3¼ in. by 2¼ in.—snaps or time exposures. Daylight loading—Roll Film—takes standard size spool. Obtainable everywhere. Your first film comes packed inside your camera.

SO overwhelming was the response to "John Bull's" Great Gift of an "Ensign" Camera free for you and for your friend, that we have decided to give "John Bull" readers just one more chance.

A further big order has been placed with the manufacturers, and if you wish to secure one of these superb gifts you are advised to make application AT ONCE. Holidays will soon be here. Think how much extra fun you will be able to have with a "J.B. Ensign" Camera.

We make this great offer because we want to introduce the bigger and better "John Bull" and also "The People" to thousands of new readers. As "John Bull" readers know, "The People" comes from "the same stable," and just as the bigger and better "John Bull" is the finest weekly in the world, so is "The People" the supreme Sunday paper.

Both "John Bull" and "The People" offer to registered readers unequalled Free Insurance Benefits, and both schemes have recently been extended in order to make them more practical and more generous than ever.

But we know that whatever we may say about "John Bull" and "The People" there is nothing so convincing as an actual trial. Therefore, we make the following unprecedented offer:

If you will—

1. Give "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks.
2. Find a friend who will give both "John Bull" and "The People" a trial for thirteen weeks,

we will present both to your friend and to yourself a "J.B. Ensign" Camera FREE. It is a condition, of course, that the friend introduced by you is NOT already a reader of either "John Bull" or "The People."

A trial that need cost nothing

In giving these great national papers a trial, neither you nor your friend need incur any extra expense. In these days practically everyone takes a Sunday newspaper and also a weekly periodical. For the next thirteen weeks we ask YOU to take "The People" as your Sunday newspaper and YOUR FRIEND to take "John Bull" during the week and "The People" on Sundays. At the end of your trial you will not only each receive a genuine "J.B. Ensign" Camera, but we think you will agree that we shall have done you an additional good turn by introducing wonderful papers that you will wish to take regularly. As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for thirteen weeks, you are both asked to cut out and affix thirteen consecutive numbers from thirteen successive issues of both these publications to the Gift Vouchers, which will be sent to you upon receipt of the forms on page 38. That is all. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed you will each immediately receive a FREE "J.B. Ensign" Camera. There is no "catch." The full conditions are published herewith.

Act to-day!

Take the first step towards securing "John Bull's" Magnificent Gift by getting the forms on page thirty-eight filled in to-day. These forms reserve in your name and in the name of your friend two genuine "J.B. Ensign" Cameras. As soon as these forms are received, "John Bull" will post to you two Official Gift Vouchers—one for your friend and one for you. At the same time two "J.B. Ensign" Cameras will be specially set aside and reserved—one in your own name and one in the name of your friend. Act at once.

Turn to the Forms on p. 38 at once!

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

It is important that the Rules and Conditions below are read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is being introduced.

The object of this scheme is to get bona fide new readers for "John Bull" and "The People." If it should be found upon verification that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader both applicants will be disqualified.

A new reader shall be held to be a person who has not purchased "John Bull" and "The People" for the past three months.

Gift Cameras will not be awarded unless applied for on the Special Gift Vouchers which are sent (one each for you and your friend) to approved applicants upon receipt of the forms below.

For your convenience and so that your Gift reaches you ready for immediate use, we have arranged with the manufacturers to include with each Camera one 2¼ B "Ensign" Film which will take six pictures, size 2¼in. by 3¼in. When your Gift Voucher is complete and NOT before, all that you have to do is to see that it is sent in to us together with a postal order for 2/-, which covers the ordinary retail price of the "Ensign" Film which is included with your Camera and also the cost of actual postage and packing on your Gift. Your Camera thus reaches you completely equipped and ready to take photographs the moment you unpack it. Further films are obtainable at all local dealers.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Set and no gift will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Copies of "John Bull" and "The People" must be paid for in the ordinary way, and no person may qualify by purchasing back numbers for either whole or part of the thirteen weeks.

This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State. The Editor of "John Bull" reserves the right to disqualify any applicant for any reason which he considers good and sufficient.

Holidays are coming!

Are you ready? Have you chosen the spot where waves beat the shore or where the woods are mantled in green? Bring back happy memories of your holiday by taking with you a "J.B. Ensign" Camera which "John Bull" offers free. You can secure one not only for yourself, but for a friend as well. Fill in the Forms on page 38 now.

FILL IN THE FORMS ON PAGE 38

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